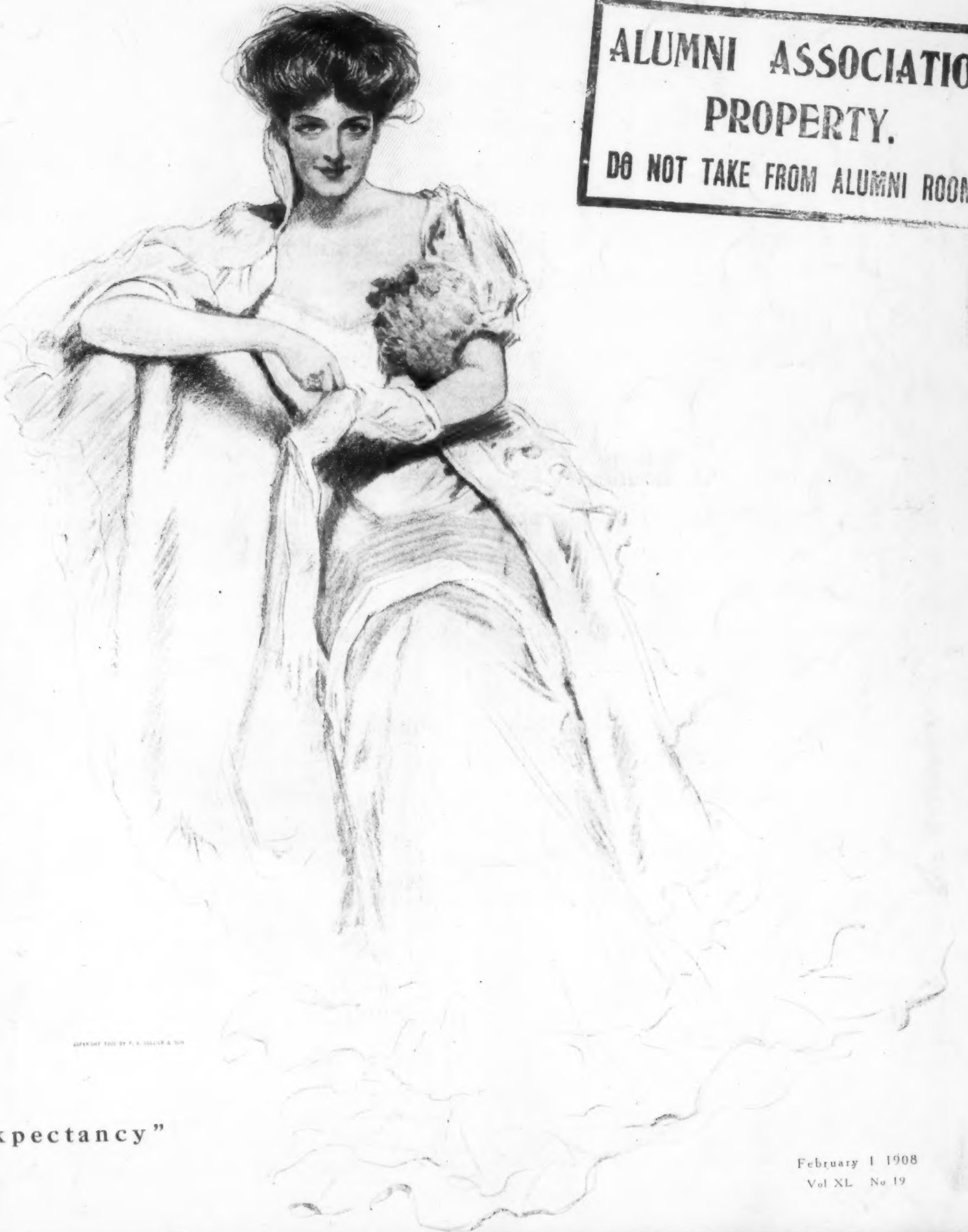


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"Expectancy"

February 1 1908
Vol XL No 19

The Style Book



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New York

Saturday, February 1, 1908



"Expectancy." Cover Design.	Drawn by Thomas Mitchell Peirce	
103d Exhibition of the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts	Photographs	4
Editorials		5
To-Day. Poem.	Agnes Lee	7
Neptune Visits the Flotilla. Photographs		8
The Real Czar	William English Walling	9
Francis Thompson, Mystic and Poet	Wilfrid Meynell	10
Nelson Hatfield—The Last and the First	Richard Washburn Child	11
Letters of a Japanese Schoolboy	Hashimura Togo	12
Behind the Scenes at Washington	Illustrated with Photographs	13
Deborah. Story	Gwendolin Overton	14
Boyertown's Tragedy. Photographs	Illustrated by Maynard Dixon	17
What the World is Doing		18

Volume XL Number 19

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THIS list of hotels is composed of only the best in each city and any statement made can be relied upon absolutely. Travelers mentioning the fact of having selected their stopping place from these columns will be assured excellence of service and proper charges.

Collier's National Hotel Directory

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Hotel Belvedere A palatial new steel structure of 12 stories, all rooms outside with bath. Ball Room, Theatre, Banquet Hall, \$2.50 a day up.
The Rennert E. \$1.50. Baltimore's leading hotel. Typical southern cooking. The kitchen of this hotel has made Maryland cooking famous.

BOSTON, MASS.
Copley Square Hotel Huntington Ave., Exeter and Blagden Sts. High-class modern house. 350 delightful rooms, 200 private baths. E. \$1.50 up.
United States Hotel Beach, Lincoln and Kingston Sts. 360 rooms. Suites with bath. A. P. \$3. E. P. \$1 up. In centre of business section.

BROOKLYN, N. Y.
Margaret Overlooks N. Y. Harbor. Accessible to New York and the Sea. Family and Transient. Quiet. A. \$3.50. Eu. \$1.50. Thomas Tobey.

CHICAGO, ILL.
Chicago Beach Hotel 51st, Boul. and Lake Shore. American and European plan. Finest hotel on the Great Lakes. Special Winter rates. 150 rooms, 250 private baths. Illus. Booklet on request.
Lexington Hotel Michigan Boulevard and 22d St. Absolutely fire-proof. Easily reached and in pleasant part of city. E. P. \$1.50 up.

CINCINNATI, OHIO
Hotel Sinton 400 Rooms. Grand Convention Hall. Absolutely Fire-Proof. Magnificently equipped. Large, Light Sample Rooms. Service unsurpassed. Edward N. Roth, Managing Director.

CLEVELAND, OHIO
Hotel Euclid Euclid Ave. 300 new and handsome rooms. 150 baths. European Plan, \$1.50 to \$5.00 per day. Fred S. Avery, Prop.

NEW ORLEANS, LA.
New Denechaud New Orleans' latest and most modern hotel. Built of steel, brick and concrete. Fronts on 4 streets. European plan \$1.50 up.
The Grunewald Largest, newest and best. Cost \$2,000,000. "Unquestionably the best kept hotel in the South." Rates E. P. \$1 and up.

NEW YORK, N. Y.
Collingwood West 35th St., near Fifth Ave. Con- venient to fashionable shops, clubs and theatres. Modern, fireproof. F. V. Wishart.
Grand Union Hotel. Opposite Grand Central Sta- tion. Rooms \$1 a day up. Restau- rants at moderate prices. Baggage to and from sta. free.

NORFOLK, VA.
The Lorraine Fire-proof. 8 stories high. Conven- ient to residential and business sec- tions. European plan, \$1.50 up. L. Berry Dodson, Mgr.

NORFOLK, VA.
Lynnhaven Newest permanent fire-proof hotel. 100 private baths. Sample rooms. Special rates to Commercial men. European Plan \$1.50 up.

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The Jefferson Most magnificent Hotel in the South. 10 hours from N. Y. City. European Plan \$2.00 up. Strictly high class restaurant. P. M. Fy. Mgr.
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SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.
Hotel St. Francis In heart of the city opp. beautiful park, near clubs, shops and the- atres. Every comfort and convenience. Acc. 1000. \$2 up. E. P.

SEATTLE, WASH.
Savoy Hotel "12 stories of solid comfort" Concrete, steel and marble. In fashionable shop- ping district. 210 rooms, 135 baths. English grill. \$1 up.

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Hotel Driscoll Facing U. S. Capitol and Grounds. Am. and Eu. plan. Modern in its equipment. Booklet on application. E. W. Wheeler, Mgr.
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WINTER RESORTS

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BILTMORE (near Asheville), N. C.
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HENDERSONVILLE, N. C.
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LAKEWOOD, N. J.
The Lakewood Hotel Brick construction. 400 rooms. Water cure baths. Cuisine and service famous. American and European plans. James N. Berry, Mgr.

NEWPORT NEWS, VA.
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TRYON, N. C.
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Oak Hall Hotel Exclusive Winter Home. Steam heat, private baths. Excellent culi- ne. Consumptions excluded. Booklet. F. E. Hellen, Mgr.

WEST PALM BEACH, FLA.
Hotel Jefferson Newly built. Running water in rooms. Baths. Northern cooks. \$2.50 per day up. Special weekly rates. W. H. Allen, Mgr.

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NIAGARA FALLS, ONT.
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CHASE CITY, VA.
The Mecklenburg Modern in appointments. Climate ideal. Baruch system of baths. Famous mineral waters free. \$15.00 per wk. up. Booklet.

GREENSBORO, NORTH CAROLINA
The Biggs Sanitarium Ideal Climate. Cures ef- fected by natural meth- ods. Electric Light Baths, Hydro-Therapy, Electricity, Massage, Vibration, Physical Culture. Illus. Booklet.

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Tate Spring Hotel "The Carlsbad of America." Large modern Hotel. Famous water for stomach troubles. Hunting. Golf. 1400 ft. elev.

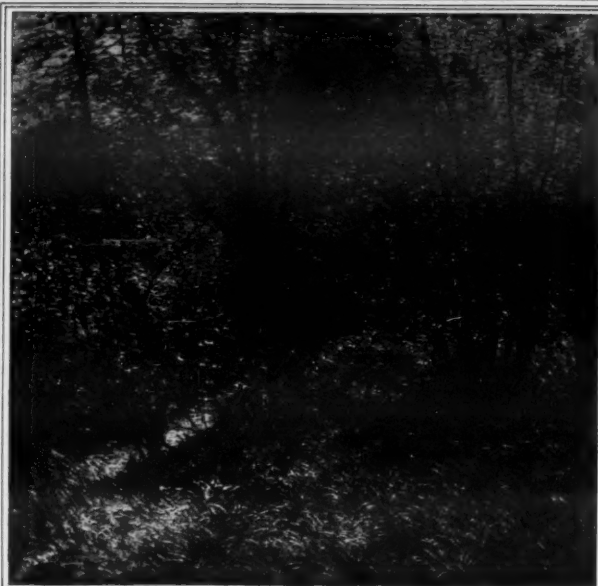
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By WILLARD L. METCALF



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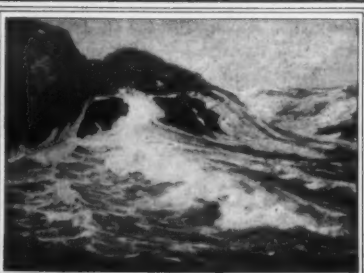
Breakfast
By LOUISE COX



La Visite
By RICHARD P. MILLER



Roller Skates
By ELIZABETH SPARHAWK-JONES



The Blue Gale
By PAUL DOUGHERTY



Fishing Boats
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Old Mill on the Somme
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Church at Provincetown
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The Flume Way
By EDWARD F. ROOK

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The National Weekly

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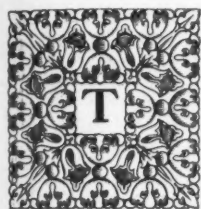
P. F. COLLIER & SON, Publishers

Peter Fenelon Collier—Robert J. Collier, 416-424 West Thirteenth Street

NEW YORK

February 1, 1908

Up to Uncle Joe



TO SAVE THE Appalachian Mountain Range for public uses—to prevent its forests from being destroyed by private haste for gold—no more undoubted duty lies before our Congress at the present moment. Yet what of the Hon. JOSEPH CANNON? Where can he usually be found when money is at stake? Is he seen, with determined mien, his back against the wall, oblivious of the moment and of self, battling for his country's future? Not JOE. No better friend to vested snaps was ever known than he. Kindly take a moment, reader dear, to compare the Committee on Agriculture of the Fifty-ninth Congress with that of the Sixtieth. It is now rumored dimly that two members of last year's committee who are missing were dropped by Mr. CANNON because of their friendliness to the bill; and our knowledge of the Speaker makes us fear these rumors may be well founded. We refer to DAVIS of Minnesota and LAFAN of Pennsylvania. Mr. CANNON, is this true? New members are COLE of Ohio, POLLARD of Nebraska, GILHAMS of Indiana, McLAUGHLIN of Michigan, HAWLEY of Oregon, COOK of Colorado, and WEEKS of Massachusetts, Republicans; and BEALL of Texas, RUCKER of Missouri, STANLEY of Kentucky, and HEFLIN of Alabama, Democrats; and we have reason to fear that an undoubted majority of these gentlemen oppose the bill. The whole committee, as now composed, is estimated to show 10 to 8 against the bill. This is the work of Uncle JOE, and if the bill is finally defeated the everlasting disgrace therefor should be centred sharply upon the Speaker of the House.

"Not-Yet-But-Soon"

KNOWN CONDITIONS INDICATE that this proposition will pay dividends of one hundred per cent per annum." This is one sentence from fervid letters, just now being received by all whose names are on the "sucker list," which solicit the purchase, at fifty cents each, of shares in the Nome Gold Dredging and Power Company. Other phrases, designed to tempt the credulous, are "thoroughly eliminate all elements of risk," "one of the . . . most profitable . . . enterprises known to mankind," "sufficient to pay an average of one hundred per cent annually for over forty-four years to every stockholder." Among the officers and directors of this marvelous company we note one who is thus described: "Hon. WILLIAM J. STONE, Jefferson City, Missouri. United States Senator from Missouri, and former Governor of that State." Should not our people either pay this Senator a salary sufficient to relieve him from the embarrassing necessity of selling cheap mining stocks to suckers, or else send a substitute to Washington and regretfully leave him free to give all of his highly valuable time to defending his family against the wolf?

The New Gospel

POLICE HEADQUARTERS of the cities are being thronged each morning with first offenders—men and women whose crime it is to be hungry. Slums of the foreign born are witnessing silent and ungrouped processions of the unemployed. Factory towns are full of idleness and noise, and the villages of the "most prosperous country in the world" are facing a fog-end of winter that is heavy with trouble. Yet the incorrigible melody that lies hidden in the heart of all creation makes itself heard above the clash and dreary pipings of the surface world. Somehow we must wed the melody to the pain. And some day the heart of man will sing back a better response to the music that is filling the upper air. Yesterday and to-day, and on till reality ceases, the spaces are clamorous with song. Although we are little and lonely and human, can we not even now teach our tired feet to keep step to the eternal rhythm? And all of us who can, let us help such men as need. At this time we should give redoubled aid to those who are working to the solution. We can remember, for example, JANE ADDAMS and Halstead Street; WOODS of Boston, in his city wilderness; EDWARD T. DEVINE of New York, and MAUDE MINER, spending all night and every night in saving from

the street girls who are new to the city. These are the times to be sorry and then to be useful. "What," the young man or woman used to ask—"what can I do to be saved?" And a famous preacher tells us that now the question asked him has changed and every day is: "What can I do to help?"

The New Haven Octopus

IN THE NEW ENGLAND railway situation there are some simple aspects. However Mr. MELLEEN may have admitted or concealed his ambition, his actions make his intentions frank. He will control absolutely, and has already gone far toward controlling, every steam railroad and every trolley and every coastwise steamship in New England. Every time the New Englander travels a mile, every time he ships ten pounds of freight, he will negotiate with Mr. MELLEEN's agents and pay into Mr. MELLEEN's treasury the charge that Mr. MELLEEN finds necessary to pay interest on the water in his securities. Whether this carries monopoly beyond even the point of greatest efficiency, whether New England would not be better off with a system of independent trolley trunk lines like those in the Middle West, running sleeping cars to New York in competition with Mr. MELLEEN's road—these and many others are questions to be decided, not by Mr. MELLEEN, nor yet by the wealthy owners of Boston and Maine stock with whom the advantage of exchanging their seven per cent stock for Mr. MELLEEN's eight per cent, share for share, might conceivably outweigh motives of public welfare. Nor are these matters to be decided by the owners of moribund little trolleys who are glad to let Mr. MELLEEN's rich New Haven road give solidity to their water and create a charge upon which New England travelers and manufacturers for generations will pay interest. These are matters to be decided by the will and ballots of the people of New England.

Barter

THE PRINCIPAL OBJECTION among politicians to Governor HUGHES causes partly amusement and in part a sort of sadness or astonishment. A prominent political figure observed recently: "I have worked hard for HUGHES from the beginning, but I am through with him. I find I stand no better with him than if I had worked against him." Another Republican leader came back from Albany disgusted, saying he had asked for the barest possible concession—anything that would amount to recognition of the organization—and the Governor had replied that he would not turn over his hand to become President. These politicians genuinely believe that such demeanor, such refusal to give and take, betokens selfishness, illiberality, meanness, egotism, viciousness, brutality, perfidy, hardness, un-Americanism, and sin. Their view of public life and its obligations is so ingrained that in our generation it will hardly disappear.

!!

MR. DARWIN P. KINGSLEY, President of the New York Life Insurance Company, has distinguished himself by printing, in the form of an advertisement, a declaration against the insurance laws, as passed on the recommendation of the Armstrong Committee. The delicate feature of the performance is that, as this company is "mutual," the policy-holders pay for the publication of these arguments. They pay, in other words, for an attempt to defeat the laws passed for their protection. Nerve is a quality of considerable variation; some have it, some not; and Mr. KINGSLEY perhaps deserves to be numbered among those who are somewhat generously endowed. It will probably never be said of him that he died as a consequence of abnormal self-distrust.

Insurance

A NOTORIOUS ADVENTURESS, in New York the other day, ended her time upon this earth with what the papers describe as "an overdose of morphine." From elaborate accounts of her picturesque career are cut these sentences:

"She appeared in the offices of the Mutual Life Insurance Company in July, 1902, with a utopian scheme for soliciting insurance. Later she laid her

Collier's

scheme before Raymond & Co., representing that she had policies about to be concluded for \$50,000 and \$100,000, which she could deliver to the Mutual. She was put on the pay rolls as a special agent at \$50 a week."

Mrs. THEODORE BAKER, who was in charge of the women's department of the Mutual at the time, was quoted thus:

"It was her original plan to have the Mutual lease and furnish for her a handsome residence where she could hold receptions to which would be invited the elite of this city. It was planned that agents of the Mutual would attend the functions, and diplomatically approach the guests with insurance propositions. The officials of the company eventually rejected the scheme, although for long it was seriously entertained."

Mrs. ROBERTS'S instinct was unerring. The arts in which she was preeminent were those which characterized the soliciting of insurance by the big companies in the days when they were racing for size. Raymond & Co. was the firm of Mutual agents in which McCURDY had his son and son-in-law as partners. This swindler's fifty dollars a week and her advances were paid by the Mutual policy-holders. They paid the hundred thousand and hundred and fifty thousand dollar salaries to men who served them no more than Mrs. ROBERTS. Those salaries were paid, and salaries still too large continue to be paid, for what? Not for wisdom in the management of investments. Savings-bank investments in New York aggregating hundreds of millions of dollars are managed by men who give their time for nothing, or receive nominal salaries. The huge salaries are for preeminence in the ability to inspire agents, for mastery of the arts and tricks of overpersuasion, cajolery, and deceit. Out of every dollar you pay for life insurance, from ten to twenty-five cents goes to the agent who persuaded you, or to his superiors, or for expenses incidental to his costly existence. For the man who would insure without the intervention of an agent there is no way. Is there any final remedy for this except for the State to furnish insurance over the counter to those who come for it, at no expense except the three or four cents out of the dollar of premium which would pay for extra clerks in the Treasury and the necessary medical examination?

This Ad is Free

MR. ADAMS'S STORY, in the January issue of "Everybody's Magazine," is hereby commended to all who believe that bribery is a merely technical, dull, uninteresting fault—or, as it was once called by a gentleman upon the bench, "at most but a conventional crime." Imagination is that faculty which enables us to see the largest meanings of any fact, and Mr. ADAMS in this story successfully brings out the significance in human degradation, suffering, and death which lies behind this, one of the most injurious and desperate in its consequences of all human failings. The story can be applied, by the alert and careful reader, to many and many a contest being waged in American cities at the present time.

Memory

A BUFFALO PHYSICIAN gives us pleasure in a letter:

"You are mistaken in supposing that the Hon. MARTIN STOVER now finds, without arousing comment, that Mr. Justice DEUEL's activities were not such as to affect his mental or moral fitness for the bench.

"Many people—like myself—have recently acquired the two-cent stamp habit, and say what they have to say, to such gentlemen direct, upon occasion.

"Public men who receive letters from such know full well that for every one who takes the trouble to voice his disapproval there are a thousand who will remember, or when the time is ripe will have their memories jogged."

This view of our correspondent, that the people remember better than the newspapers, is encouraging. Is it true?

The Human Brain

A WOMAN MAY INVITE a man to a dinner, tea, house party, concert, or automobile excursion, but she is not allowed to invite him to dance with her at an ordinary ball. This result has been reached by ages of thought, shared by myriads of intelligences. "What a piece of work," observed my lord Hamlet, "is a man! how noble in reason! how infinite in faculty! . . . in action how like an angel! in apprehension how like a god!"

How Does the Hen Know How?

THE "FARMERS' TRIBUNE" it is which has closely watched the barnyard queen and has printed its observations, together with some engaging bits of sageness:

"A person who has watched the big biddy playing the chicken game on top of thirteen unripe eggs has seen her sit constantly for four days, being off only a few minutes at a time to get a bit to eat, and sometimes not coming off at all for three days. The third day he has seen her turn the eggs with her bill, and thereafter turn them every night and morning up to the eighteenth day. She will rush out after the morning sun has got things warm, and eat a splendid long breakfast on the morning of the fifth day. The amateur seeing this for the first time will get anxious, fearing the eggs will cool off. Of course they will. She knows it, all right."

Possibly this was not meant to be the occasion of much that is serious. Yet somehow it gives us confidence in the scheme of

things, and also makes us feel that we ourselves need not hesitate so much about taking a vacation; very likely the world would toddle along "all right" without us for a day.

Beating a Shark

A ROCHESTER MAN, interested in our suggestion that the salary-loan sharks who fatten on the wages of badly paid clerks could not exist without the assistance of the newspapers which print their advertisements, sends us two items from a Rochester paper. One is the five-line announcement of D. H. TOLMAN, "offices in sixty-two principal cities," that he loans money to salaried people without security. The other clipping is the report of a suit brought against TOLMAN by PAUL LAURENT to recover \$20, the amount paid in excess of the principal and the legal rate of interest on five successive loans of \$27 each, within a year. The jury in the Municipal Court found in LAURENT'S favor. It is a case which should have wide publicity, but in his letter our Rochester correspondent makes this comment: "For my part, I can not understand why the business office censor of the paper did not blue-pencil this news item." Such news usually is suppressed. To the "Democrat and Chronicle," therefore, are due all the more thanks for being bold enough to print it.

Legislation Ineffective

THE WOMEN'S EDUCATIONAL AND INDUSTRIAL UNION of Boston backed a bill in the Massachusetts Legislature last year requiring full records to be made of salary loans, and adequate inspection of the business maintained. A mass of striking evidence was collected and presented. And then:

"The legislation asked for was enacted last year, except that [and here one may read how enthusiastic the Massachusetts law-makers must have been] the recording clause in the bill [the clause that was most vital] was lost, and the penalty omitted. This much of a victory was won by one vote after a fight in the Legislature lasting over months. However, at almost the same time the Governor signed the bill, the Boston Police Commission abolished the office of Loan Inspector, making policemen on the beat responsible for the adjustment of complaints. Since that time there has been, practically, no attempt at inspection, and the law has not materially affected the situation in Boston."

When it comes to finding ways to beat the law, these usurers can give the execrated corporation attorney "cards and spades, and beat him out a mile." But if such newspapers as the Boston "Post" would refuse to take their advertising, they would at once and very disastrously feel the pinch.

For Pleasantness and Safety

RIGOROUS ENFORCEMENT of the law against spitting at random is a credit to the city of Boston. On one day recently thirty-three men were arraigned for this offense and fined in the courts of Greater Boston; eighteen in the Central Court, six in Charlestown, three in East Boston, two in South Boston, and two in Brighton. Even Chelsea fined her pair. Other cities frequently protest that such a statute can not be enforced. In Boston the maximum fine is \$20, and such a statute enforced is far better than one which carries a larger penalty but is more seldom used.

Art in America

COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY has made a notable addition to her Faculty of Fine Arts. She has appointed KENYON COX professor of painting, DANIEL C. FRENCH professor of sculpture, and JOHN LA FARGE professor of the decorative arts. The move is significant; it indicates a recognition of the importance of the esthetic in a well-rounded education. Foreigners, in commenting upon our college curricula, often speak of the preponderance of utility over beauty. They declare that our university education aims at the production of efficient brokers and bridge builders. The leading educators of our country do nevertheless appreciate the importance of art, and are usually found ready and eager to do what they are able to do for art.

"Best for the Negro"

BOOKER T. WASHINGTON SHOULD KNOW, and he says that the temperance movement in the South is not based only on the general desire to keep liquor away from the negroes. He writes, in the "Southern Workman":

"The movement is deeper than this. The fact is that the temperance sentiment is just as strong in counties where there are no colored people, as in counties where they are in the majority. The Alabama State Prohibition law was introduced into the Legislature by a man from a county where there are practically no colored people. . . . I am convinced that there is a deep-rooted feeling in the masses of law-abiding citizens in the South that some thoroughgoing measures must be taken to reduce the enormous amount of crime that exists. This feeling has taken hold of many men who have themselves been addicted to the liquor habit. The movement is, in fact, a very deep and genuine one, a sort of moral revolution."

Intemperance affects alike the economic value of each race. The low drinking "joints" turn out white criminals as well as black.

Collier's

When the cost of Alabama's school system can be met by the profits from her prison system, it is not alone the black convict who goes out to work under guard. The white South is set against the saloon because it is a bad thing for the white South as well as because whisky lowers the negro's economic efficiency and increases the menace of his presence. What deeply injures one race is almost certain to be an injury to the other likewise, a general truth which holds in this as in all other things.

To-Morrow

WHAT WAS IT the Bard of Avon wrote?

'To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow,
Creeps in this petty pace from day to day
To the last syllable of recorded time,
And all our yesterdays have lighted fools
The way to dusty death.'

Such may or may not be the origin of the name of the periodical called "To-morrow," but at any rate it cheers us on our way to that region where we are not but are ourselves devoured. In a recent issue the editor prints his latest photograph upon the cover, and underneath the allegation that "not since the age of Greek supremacy has a more notable effort been made to establish Sound Thinking on an enduring basis." Not outside of BRADY have we seen such modesty. This great thinker advises everybody with ideas to print his own magazine, which can be done, in our friend's calculation, for six to twelve dollars. How many ideas this will cover he fails to say, and the expense will be multiplied awesomely if each original thinker is under any moral obligation to buy the product of the rest. The only discouragement we notice in the magazine is that the editor, on account of his common sense, finds himself "quite alone, so to speak," which must be both lonely and unprofitable, although, no doubt, quite noble.

One of Our Stories

"STEVENSON WOULD have been glad to have written it," said one enthusiast. "A bully tale," remarked a more youthful reader of "The Footprint," a story in our Christmas issue which STEVENSON might have styled a "crawler." In

so far as the delicacy of our position allows we are inclined to agree with these comments. And what gives the story its complete success is not only novelty of setting or grim contrasts of its talk, but the "holy shark tooth" itself—the little dust-colored snake with broken tail and white-lidded eyes. In this connection we recall the report that a monkey—born in captivity—ran screaming from a pretzel coiled like a snake. Human blood feels a similar terror. The follower of Sherlock Holmes's fortunes never forgets "The Adventure of the Speckled Band." Loathing of the snake dates far back to the primeval man.

Thinking of the Ships

THE FLEET HAS BEEN GONE about six weeks. Amid the rumble of words about international problems and world politics, still going on, we recall the picturesque side of the departure—the thousands of tars watching the receding shores, the faint flashes of handkerchiefs waving in the hands of girls and wives. Here is a jingle of two hundred and forty years ago:

"But now our fears tempestuous grow
And cast our hopes away;
Whilst you, regardless of our woe,
Sit careless at a play:
Perhaps permit some happier man
To kiss your hand, or flirt your fan—
With a fa, la, la, la, la."

"Then if we write not by each post,
Think not we are unkind;
Nor yet conclude our ships are lost
By Dutchmen or by wind:
Our tears we'll send a speedier way,
The tide shall bring them twice a day—
With a fa, la, la, la, la."

In our day the length of the anxious waiting has been at least much reduced by the wonderful conquests over nature for which the last century has been remarkable.

Wanted: An Opening

WHERE IS THIS PLACE? One who lives in an Eastern city writes this letter, one who is typical, surely, of many in whom adversity lately has caused serious thought about their lot in life:

"Is there any section in these United States to which the many men who are being daily thrown out of employment in the cities may emigrate and begin life again—begin, this time, as their own masters, or in some way that will secure them against being thrown out again at the next panic? The class to which I refer is composed of unmarried young Americans of the intelligent, physically hardy, and ambitious type seen so frequently during the good times in banks and offices—clerks, salesmen, and the like, who have saved up from \$500 to \$1,000."

Obviously there are such places, and there are answers to this man more truthful and cheerful than to lament the passing of Government free homesteads in the West. When this man's sons are his own age, there will be one hundred and twenty-five million people in this country. They will be wanting then, as they are wanting now, more wheat, more apples, more oranges, more beef-steaks, more coats, and more shoes than they can get. Among those millions, the position of this man's son will depend upon the wisdom of his own present choice, his initiative, and his persistence.

A Cheerful Bulletin

THE NEBRASKA BUREAU of Crop Statistics, "Bulletin Number Twelve," talks not in monotonous rows of figures, nor in dollar marks, nor in dull terms of bushels, pounds, and acres.

It talks in human terms, with exuberant faith and a resulting eloquence more characteristic of our country formerly than it is to-day, but in this especial case not without its charm:

"In almost every corner of the State the rustling music of the corn is wafted over the golden glowing seas of wheat and other cereals, and the small things of nature chirp their music in rich fields where money just grows. Men of sturdy grit and grain have proved their heritage here to be as near a paradise for those who are willing to toil as will ever be found short of the golden shore. They, and their wives and sons and daughters, are going forward, with high heads and souls unburdened by ill-will, to ideal things that satisfy the soul."

An opportunity for cheap wit, this, but it is pleasanter to

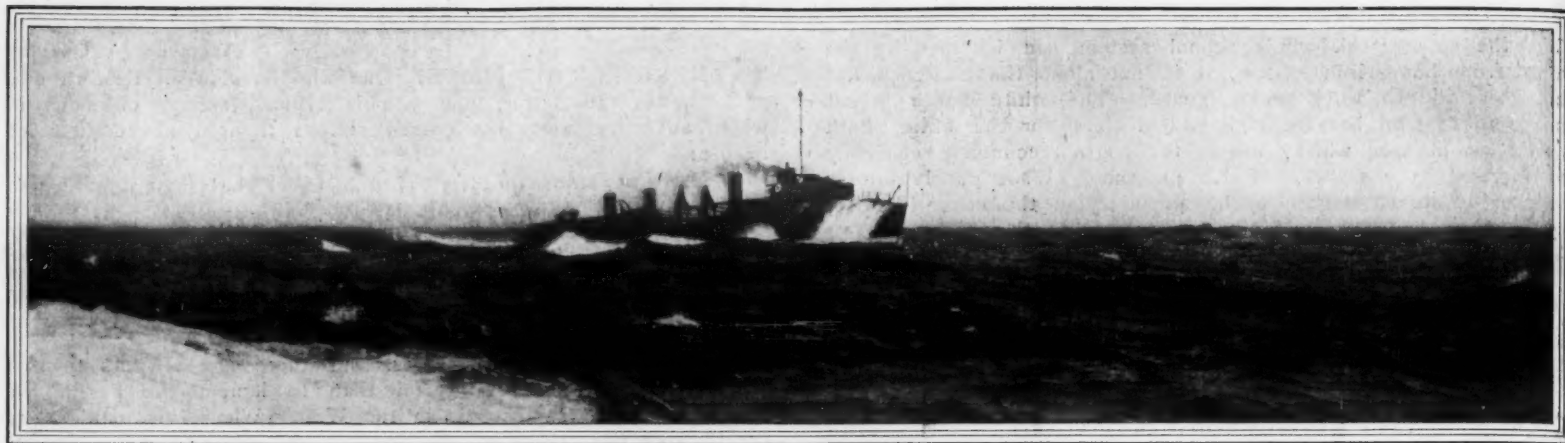
reflect that here is a public official who thinks thus about his community and a community which justifies the thought.

Prophet Hunting

CHICAGO'S PROFESSIONAL SEERS into the future of others will do well to look to their own. The stars, bars, palms, spirits, controls, or whatever other media are employed to lift the curtain, seem to indicate a protracted period of hard times or hard work, or both, impending over those who were born with a caul. An ordinance has been proposed, imposing a fine of \$100 upon any fortune-teller who shall beguile the unwary by misleading advertisements. This means the shutting off of the whole source of business, and the retirement of the flock of prophets.

Hark, from the Tomb—

WHO BELIEVES IN GHOSTS? Few will answer "I." Who fears ghosts? A different question that, and one upon which Mr. WILLIAM DUNN of Brooklyn is competent to give expert testimony. Being by profession a gravedigger, Mr. DUNN is presumably free from illusions concerning the mobile or vocal powers of the sheeted dead. But it befell him to fall into the pit he had dugged for the occupancy of another, and have the walls cave in upon him. Like Gabriel Grubb, of painful memory, he was doing his work by moonlight, when there were few passers-by. Such as came he hailed dismally, and was rewarded by the sound of footsteps in hurried retreat. Not once, but a score of times, did this occur. Even the centripetal force of curiosity was powerless to draw the terrified Brooklynites to that wailful spot. In time Mr. DUNN fainted, between the intervals of hollow groans, and was rescued only when a policeman (after thoughtfully telephoning for two more policemen) found him, fast wedged. Doubtless the fugitives from those unhallowed sounds would maintain that only a suddenly remembered engagement called them in the opposite direction. Superstition is a weed that withers in the light, but withers only at the top, for its roots inhere, deep and vital, in the human heart.



The torpedo-boat "Truxtun" bucking heavy seas at the equator

Neptune Visits the Flotilla

As the torpedo-boats crossed the equator, the "plow pushers," or raw recruits, aboard the six little black boats were initiated by Neptune and his staff. Shaving the recruit and plunging him into a canvas tank on deck helped to turn him into a "shellback."



The shave—with paint brush and Brobdingnagian razor



The "Whipple's" King Neptune



The immersion—resistance was useless

The

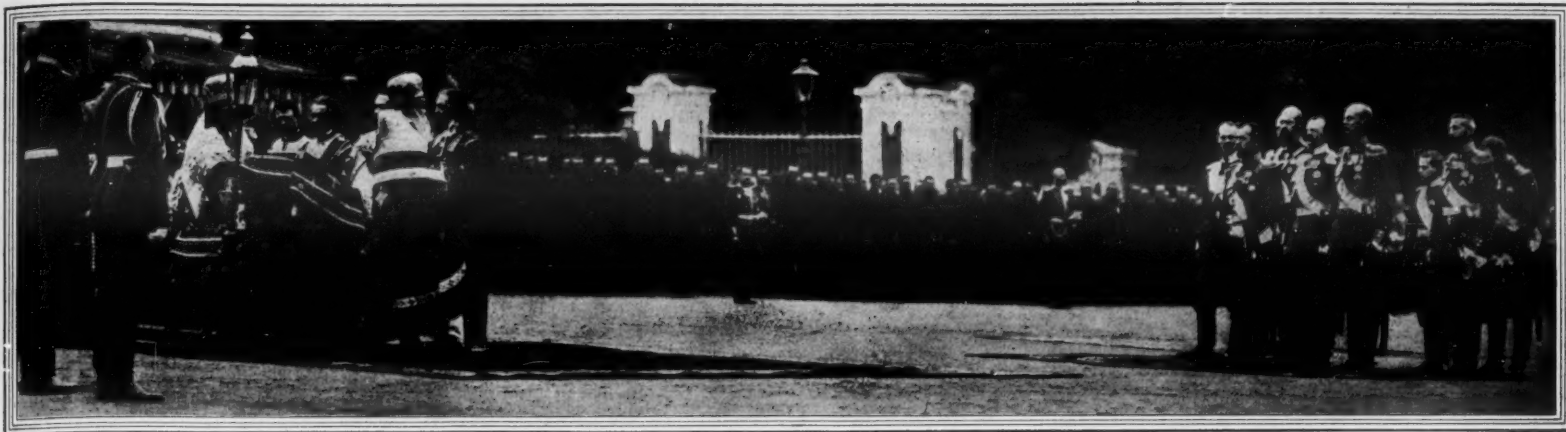


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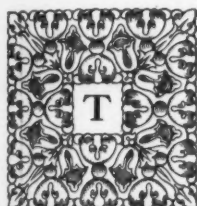


The Czar, with a group of Grand Dukes at his back, and functionaries of the Church of which he is "Pope"

The Real Czar

A Study of the Ordinary Ruler of 140,000,000 People

By WILLIAM ENGLISH WALLING



TO KNOW the truth about an absolute monarch like Nicholas II is difficult. His person is considered literally "sacred"; he possesses the unlimited power of life and death over all his subjects and has at his disposal all the wealth of the state. So one must be circumspect. To get at the truth one must seek out among moderately liberal or moderately conservative circles persons that have access to the highest officials and the Court and have yet maintained their reputation and independence uncorrupted by all the Czar has to offer in privileges, wealth, and power. One must get his information from men untroubled by the constant threat that hangs over the head of every honest man—the threat of arbitrary arrest, exile to Siberia, or year-long entombment in a solitary fortress.

The attention centred on Russia in the last three years has brought to light a dozen such international characters, liberal ministers who could not endure the injustice of the old régime and were forced to resign; leaders of the moderate and conservative minorities in the Duma, high-placed ecclesiastics, scientists, and scholars of an international fame. It is among such men that I have sought for and found the weightiest Russian opinion of the Czar.

I have also come into contact with several of the Czar's most loyal courtiers and with his most bitter opponents among the leaders of the popular democratic parties. I have gathered together his most important public acts and utterances and secured a reliable copy of several documents that have not yet seen the light.

The Czar's Beloved Reactionary Advisers

FORTUNATELY the Government was unable to hold my papers at the time of my recent arrest. The evidence now in my hands is abundant, substantiated, and cumulative to the effect that the chief responsibility for all the horrors, tortures, and suffering that Russia has undergone in recent years lies, not on the head of some hidden grand duke or other dark power behind the throne, but on the head that wears the crown. I can only suggest here the full depth of the Czar's guilt.

The Czar loved the old reactionary advisers left him by his father—his Uncle Sergius, Minister Sipiaguine, and Count Ignatiev. The revolutionists have taken these terrible persons away. He feared Von Plehve, who, before the Czar had yet obtained a secure control of the reins of government, had got a firm hold on the secret police, a position impregnable in a despotism. The revolutionists solved this problem for him also—Von Plehve, too, is dead. But the Czar has replaced the reactionaries he loved by new reactionaries.

His present favorites are all either men of blood and iron like Stolypin or shameless reactionaries like Kaulbars. Noble leaders of the black leagues for massacres, Bobrinsky, Sherebatov, Apraxin, Konovnitin, General Bogdanovitch, have constant access to the Court. Men of relentless violence like Stolypin, Deduline, and Durnovo are given the ministries that hold the real power. Kaulbars, Skalon, Herschelman, and Meller-Zakomelski rule respectively Odessa, Poland, Moscow, and the Baltic provinces. They are all cynical, violent, and open reactionaries.

It was Herschelman who upset even the military law of the realm in reversing the sentence of a military court which had let off with a light punishment four drunken peasants who had insulted a policeman. Herschelman had them hanged. Herschelman suits the Czar; he is now mentioned for Minister of War.

When new laws are being prepared it is the reactionary jurists, Goremykin, Stichinsky, and Durnovo, not real experts, who are taken into the Czar's personal confidence. But above all, to swing the destiny of the



Some Reactionary Members of the Duma; at the extreme right, Krushevan, instigator of the Kishinev massacre

tortured and suffering peoples and nations called Russia, one must win the favor of the Czar's boon companions, the extreme reactionaries Prince Orlov and the Czarina's secretary, Prince Putiatin. Prince Orlov is the Czar's drinking companion, Prince Putiatin is dear to him as a heritage from his Uncle Sergius.

Talents for despotism, flattery, and intrigue are always to secure a commanding position and power in the land of the Czar, "but the only way to succeed permanently," said one of the most trusted and best-known of my interlocutors, "the only certain road, is reactionism—open, active, and bitter hatred of progress. Nicholas sometimes tolerates a progressive person for a short time. But he is never really pleased with anything but reaction, movement backwards toward his father's régime. All his sympathies are for reactionary things, all his feelings are for reactionary men. This is why we are governed by reactionaries, why Russia may have to go through far worse trials and horrors in the next few years than in those just passed. The Czar is oppressed and weighed down by superior intelligence, because it dwarfs his own ordinary powers. He can't stand it around him. His real favorites are always and will doubtless be dull and stupid men."

"The key-note to the Czar's character," said another authority, "is an inflated hypertrophied self-love, as is natural and almost inevitable with an irresponsible and absolute monarch. This self-love was consciously created in his youth and is purposely developed by all who approach the throne. It is the explanation of every important action of the reign. It was nothing but the Czar's self-love that brought us the Duma and a few months later took this Duma away."

It was to the supposed interest of the grand dukes, the Czar's mother, the Russian police, the heads of the army, and the Court to declare war against Japan. The nation, almost wholly opposed to the calamitous and terrible enterprise, was not consulted. But the Czar was "fully satisfied with the progress of the war," because it would call out an increase of the patriotic spirit, because the agitation against the Government would cease.

Nicholas an Ordinary Man and Monarch

NICHOLAS is apparently by nature an ordinary man, both in character and intelligence, but he was not long allowed to remain ordinary by those whose business it is to make over ordinary children into Czars. Those who believe in Czarism know first of all that the Czars must be made to believe in it. So all the unlimited resources and powers of a Czar's educators are brought to convince him that he is the God-born superior to every man in his Empire, and that he has been given the right by God to regulate, to the last particular, the lives of each one of his 140,000,000 subjects.



Nicholas II, "Most High"

"I knew a promising young princess," a well-known old courtier told me, "who had inborn progressive ideas. She was given to making most interesting liberal remarks. Her teacher was changed, and when I saw her again a few years later I did not know her."

To prevent his becoming better than those around him, Nicholas was scientifically corrupted in his youth. He was allowed several mistresses. But a Jewish girl whom he is said to have really loved was torn away from him by the Court. True love is dangerous to despotism, above all love for a member of a persecuted race. His notorious affair with the ballet-dancer, Kshesinskaya, which lasted to the very day of his marriage, was more after his uncle's heart. He was allowed to endow this woman

with a palace and a fortune, while his Jewish love was sent into exile.

And while his body was being corrupted by fast living and drink, his soul was under the sinister and misanthropic influence of fanatic old Pobiedonostzev or the half-crazy mysticism of Father John of Cronstadt, who, while still preaching massacre, has now set himself up for a Russian Christ. It is natural that a mind so beclouded should shower honors on the necromancer Philippe and, as Russian Pope, canonize the monk Seraphim, dead now for fifty years, for having interceded with God to send Nicholas a male heir.

Nicholas is by education an ordinary absolute monarch, as he is by nature an ordinary man. He does not differ from the rest. If he has lightly glorified war, so has William II. If he has publicly announced his hatred of millions of his subjects, has not the German Emperor called a party of three million of his subjects "dogs and toads"? He differs from other autocrats not by his ideas or by his nature, but by his crimes. He stands convicted of being an accessory before the fact to crimes greater than any that have stained the pages of history since the religious wars.

The Court a Centre of "Pogromist" Activity

A CERTAIN Russian prince, internationally famed for honesty, moderation, and public spirit, complained about the frightful Bielostock massacre in person to the Czar. After having shown that the massacre was carried out almost entirely by the soldiers and police, he said: "This thing simply can not continue. It is wrong." The Czar hesitated, then answered:

"Yes, it is wrong. But then what can you do? These people are republicans and revolutionists."

"Is the Czar himself primarily responsible or are others more to blame?" I asked of the men in Russia best able to answer these questions.

"The Court is the centre of the 'pogromists' and 'black hundreds'."—"The Czar himself is the chief of the 'hooligans'."—were the answers of two highly placed persons, almost as well known in Europe and America as in Russia herself.

Prince Urussov, recently Governor of Bessarabia, places a full share of the responsibility for the wholesale massacres of 1905 directly on the Czar. "A word from the authoritative mouth of the Emperor or any action would have extraordinarily facilitated the maintenance of order," he writes significantly. But every effort failed to obtain from Nicholas any kind of declaration condemning the pogrom. "From 1903," writes the Prince, "it became plain to all the world that the Czar himself, if not in action, at least in thought, was an enemy to the Jews."

A recognized enemy to the Jews, yes, but none the less an enemy to the Poles, Letts, and Lithuanians, as the most credited representatives of all these races have testified, and to all the fifty million non-Russian peoples that constitute a full third of his subjects! For the actions and policies that have shown the Czar's attitude to the Jews, the most powerful of the "subject" peoples, have been repeated almost literally for the rest.

Nicholas II is literally throwing open the prison

doors for all who have murdered "in his name." The pogromists at Kertch, at Volsk, at Nijni Novgorod, in Volhynia, in Bessarabia, at Tula, and a dozen other places, though sentenced by the local courts, have all been fully pardoned by the Czar. The Czar's pardon for three Kharkov assassins, who murdered a lawyer in his home, carried with it an even more open excitement to a repetition of the act in the words: "A pardon is extended to X, Y, and Z, the men who killed the *miscreant revolutionary Jew*."

Of the chief Odessa organizers of the great massacres of October, 1905, where nearly a thousand were killed and wounded, one, Moisenko, was at last got behind the bars. The circuit court could not declare him innocent. It sentenced him, however, to only eight months' imprisonment. He soon received the full pardon of the Czar.

The Czar in the "League of Russian Men"

IN Odessa the Government and the murderous League of Russian Men have become practically one. The local President of the League, Count Konovnitin, is the aide-de-camp of the Governor-General, Kaulbars; the latter is a member of the Executive Council, and its meetings are often held in his palace. Kaulbars's sister is married to Count Stachelberg, the Master of Ceremonies, and is the favorite card-partner of the Czar. Perhaps this is why a delegation, recently sent by desperate Odessa to the Court and headed by the Mayor Protopopow, was received by the Czar wearing the emblem of the League of Russian Men.

Stolypin reported recently to the Czar that sixty per cent of the League was recruited from the criminal classes and scarcely one and a half per cent were educated persons. But Nicholas has always favored not only Stolypin's plan of government by court-martial and violent "legal" repression, but every form of

"illegal" violence, if only committed "in his name." The Czar wrote on Stolypin's report:

"The League is the most loyal of all the parties and the most useful to the Government. It would be well to be patient and to give it time to correct itself."

So "The Most High" has delivered the great port of Odessa to the tender mercies of the League. Nicholas himself is an honorary member. He has publicly accepted two of its badges for himself and his little heir, and has repeatedly worn one of these insignia. To the delegation which presented him an address setting forth the "loyal" and anti-Semitic purposes of the organization, Nicholas answered:

"Thank in my name all the Russian people who have joined the League."

Dr. Dubrowin, President of the League in St. Petersburg, who headed this delegation, has also repeated private interviews, letters, and telegrams from the Czar, and a new public reception has just been arranged. When asked recently the practical way out of Russia's difficulties, the justly notorious Doctor replied:

"It is necessary to hang eleven foremost leaders whom I could name, two hundred secondary leaders, and three thousand party workers." To the question as to who could be found to execute such a cruel sentence, he answered: "The League of Russian Men would have the courage to do it." Dubrowin has made it clear that he reckoned among those to be killed not only beloved popular leaders like Anikin and Alladin, but also Moderates like Herzenstein (already assassinated by the League, if not by his own personal order). No revolutionist has ever made a proposal of wholesale butchery—his victims are the victims of a guerrilla war. It is not the revolution for freedom that has produced the Russian Marat. It is the criminal counter-revolution personally patronized by the Czar.

Nicholas II is a criminal in the eyes of his people. In all sections, among all classes, among rich and poor,

townspeople and country people, the educated, the business men, and priests, there is one dominating opinion about the Czar—that he bears to the full his share of the responsibility for the monstrous system of crime and plunder called the Russian Government.

The new Duma of officials, landlords, and noblemen can and will change nothing of all this. In his opening speech the new President very significantly said, to stormy applause, that he was confident that the Duma would carry out "the Sovereign Will of the Czar."

This Czar, and all future Czars, must stand or fall with the system of which they are a part. As long as Nicholas remains head or, at least, centre of the whole system, as long as he refuses to abdicate or to share his power, as long as he is neither a degenerate nor a weakling under duress, he must bear his share of the great crime.

Nicholas a Criminal, His People Say

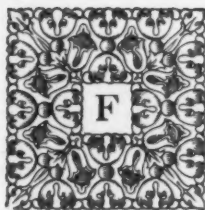
THIS is the judgment of the Russian people. It is the judgment of their leaders and noted men; of Tolstoy, of Gorki, of Korolenko, and Andreief; of public men of international fame like Kovalevski, Rodichev, Prince Dolgorukov, and Milyoukov; of conservative leaders like Shipov, Stachovitch, Count Heyden, Prince Trubetzkoi, and Prince Lvov; of the parish priesthood and its leaders, Father Petrov and the archimandrite Michael; of recent governors and ministers and generals like Urussov, Kutler, and Subotich; or practically every public man outside of the Government service.

This slow-witted, self-centred, reactionary, and blood-loving tyrant is recognized by the Russian nation as its most deadly enemy, not because he is stronger or more vicious than many others in high places in the state, but because he is, on account of his position and his power, the centre of the system that it is costing the country's best life-blood to destroy.

Francis Thompson, Mystic and Poet

A Word About London's Latest Successor to Chatterton

By WILFRID MEYNELL



FRANCIS THOMPSON is no more—all that is mortal of him. That was not much. His so-wasted frame weighed but five stone when borne in a London cab from his lodging to the Hospital of St. John and St. Elizabeth some ten days before the end, and when a spacious "lift," capable of raising I know not what tonnage, upbore him

to the ward in which he was to be a "paying guest," and to pay nature's last debt, his bodily levity seemed, well, almost burlesqued. What was all this mockery of machinery for, unless only for me and the attendant white-robed nun? Surely, one thought, this moth of a man, all emaciation, whose spirit had soared at will into the Seventh Heaven, must be able to rise at will; he, if any, must be capable of levitation, that power of poise in the air possessed by the saints he had all his life saluted—by St. Ignatius of whom he has left behind a memoir in manuscript.

But we were already at our ward, and Francis Thompson, docile as a child, divested himself—what was left of himself—of his outward garments, and sank with a sigh of relief into the narrow bed, in which he was to die. But he did not divest himself of quite everything. There was a medal round his neck—a Catholic emblem tied with a piece of not too cleanly string. This he kept through his ten days' delaying with us—his worn fingers often assuring themselves that it was safely there. In his other hand he held fitfully the book of a popular living humorist! His time of high thinking was over, and at the end of his tragedy of life he craved light comedy. I think "Many Cargoes" bore its strangest and noblest freight when it helped Thompson through that last passage. This Mystic, to whom the Heavens had opened, had as helper in this last ascent Mr. W. W. Jacobs—happy he—and, miraculous as its predecessor, this Jacobs' Ladder.

IT is nineteen years since a little roll of manuscript was posted to an editor at Charing Cross by a man with all the outward appearance of a tramp. His clothes were ragged; his features had the stamp of privation. The paper, too, on which the verses were written was "not too cleanly"—like the poet's "not too cleanly stable" of Bethlehem. Pearls dwell in the fetid oyster, and these soiled sheets held purest poetry. The happy editor made haste to discover the writer. He sought to waylay him by day in the streets, and at a certain chemist's in Drury Lane; and by night under London's sheltering archways in London's dismal rain. At last the wanderer was found. Little by little we learned that Francis Thompson was the son of a doctor in Lancashire; had been educated at Ushaw College near Durham—the college of Charles Waterton and Dr. Lingard and Lafcadio Hearn—where he had nearly become a priest; and at Owens College, Manchester, where he had never nearly become a doctor, though that was what he had been sent there to become. Be sure his failure distressed and perplexed his father, who saw, not as we see, the genius, but only the apparently rebellious boy. Hidden from that

parent were the heart and brain—of his own conceiving. The people about no more suspected his powers than the man in the street, seeing the tramp posting his soiled envelope, guessed that what bulged the bedraggled coat-pocket were two books—"Æschylus" and "Blake." They did not know, as he knew, that he labored under what he called

"THE curse
Of destitute verse."

So he found himself in London streets, as De Quincey did, and began, at that early time, to doctor himself disastrously with laudanum to palliate the miseries of his mind and the pangs of the disease—consumption—of which finally he died. Laudanum made of Francis Thompson an exile through all the rest of his life; but an outcast never. He bore a fine dignity through every assault of bodily vicissitude.

WHEN Browning saw some of these first verses of Thompson's, he at once pronounced them "extraordinary," and expressed a "confident expectation" of the poet's success, and this, although Browning, very shrewd as he was, lacked Thompson's celestial vision; and, knowing as he was, yet did not know the things pertaining to spiritual imagination. But that was Thompson's luck—to be so richly endowed that, if you missed him in what you thought his essential greatness, you yet found in his mere byways and blind alleys riches enough and to spare. It has been well said that the images he rejected would have made the fortune of any other half-dozen poets of his time. Take, as a sample of his powers of imagery, his address to a little girl, whose young sex was yet but in her soul:

"WILD Dryad, all unconscious of thy tree,
With which indissolubly
The tyrannous time shall one day make thee whole;
Whose frank arms pass unfretted through its bole;
Who wear'st thy femininity
Light as entrained blossoms that shalt find
It ere long silver shackles unto thee:
Thou, whose young sex is yet but in thy soul,
As, hoarded in the vine,
Hang the gold skins of undelirious wine,
As air sleeps till it toss its limbs in breeze."

The passage is from "Sister Songs," a poem offered to the two young sisters it commemorates; a poem of which Mr. William Archer says nearly everything when he says, "it would have been adored by Shelley."

THESE "Sister Songs" were the second of Thompson's books. The "Poems," published two years earlier—in 1893—sufficed by themselves for his fame. They caught at once at the heart of the lover of English poetry. Vision and thought found expression worthy of them; unlike his poor self, a soul in an unfit tenement, a mere conduit pipe, as he called himself, "running wine of song." The phrasing was glorious—transfiguring. The "Love in Dian's Lap" section, which Coventry Patmore rather mildly said that Laura would have envied, showed Thompson's sonship to Dante, and added another name to those of the trouba-

dours of Fair Love, passionately pure—to the high company of Crashaw, Patmore, and Rossetti. The poems to children, "Daisy," "Poppy," "Monica Thought Dying," and the rest, give a new experience even to the expert in child lore. That these song children will live forever, I gather that he knew; for, speaking "To my godchild, Francis M.," he says in noble numbers:

"AND when immortal mortal droops your head,
And you, the child of deathless song, are dead,
Then, when you search with unaccustomed glance,
The ranks of Paradise for my countenance,
Turn not your tread along the Uranian sod
Among the bearded counselors of God;
For, if in Eden as on earth are we,
I sure shall keep a younger company . . .
Pass the crystalline sea, the Lampads seven,
Look for me in the nurseries of Heaven!"

The "Poems" include "The Hound of Heaven," that pursuit of the fleeing soul by Christ which moved Burne-Jones more than any poem "since Gabriel wrote his 'Blessed Damozel,'" and the reading of which made him dress himself again after he had gone to bed, so great was the abstraction and perturbation the poem caused.

In the "New Poems" Thompson preached more starkly his gospel of renunciation for those who would find favor from the Mistress of Vision:

"PIERCE thy heart to find the key,
With thee take
Only that none else would keep;
Plow thou the rock until it bears.
Die, for none other way canst live."

These lines, which seem to drive as from his own door, nevertheless inhabit us. Mr. Quiller-Couch has told us how they haunt him. Other passages of the same poem, passages which describe less of the ascetic than of the seer, give other hope of vision to the seeker, in the solidarity of all matter and all mind, the unity and single purpose of all creation:

"WHEN to the new eyes of thee
All things, by immortal power,
Near or far,
Hiddenly
To each other link'd are,
That thou canst not stir a flower
Without troubling of a star."

THE poet had enjoined his godson to seek for him "in the nurseries of Heaven," and we counted it a strange and even a comforting coincidence that when we had chosen his grave in the "blear necropolis" of London, we saw a seemingly vacant plot of greenery adjoining it; and, on inquiry, were told it was named "Holy Innocents' Ground," being planted with the bodies of unrecorded babes. So now he and they share the same cold playground, these unnamed children and this child of genius whose name shall stand forever. Flowers laid with him in his grave, George Meredith's roses; violets, grown in kindred turf, from the lady of "Love in Dian's Lap"; bay leaves from his much-sung Monica—these were frail symbols of the laurels on his "unwithering brow."

Nelson Hatfield

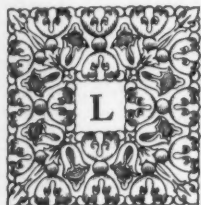
This Study of a Minnesota Farmer is the First of a Series of "Interviews with the Undistinguished."

The Characters in the Second and Third are Katherine Crowley, a Servant, and Benito Perino, an Americanized Italian

The Last and the First

By

RICHARD WASHBURN CHILD



LIKE a nebulous cloud of fine dust the evening rolled up across the undulating Minnesota country. Occasional flutters of wind rattled the sun-dried weeds that grew beside the brown stretch of road; the powder under foot burst into little explosions at each step. Toward my destination in the darkening East I trudged forward with meditative persistence, my legs, unused to a day's walk, filled with a dull, seemingly liquid, pain, my sense of sight, on the contrary, enlivened by the variety of a day's tramp through new scenes, and my nose still eager for the elusive odors of clean fresh air, mingled with periodic invasions of the fresh smell of vegetation's bloom and vegetation's decay. Possibly my hearing was also extremely acute, for half-consciously I noted the approach of a wagon some time before it came into sight behind me, far away, across a comparatively flat reach of turnpike, lined on each side by tilled fields that stretched to the northern and southern horizon.

When the farm wagon, painted conventional blue, and drawn by a gigantic horse, whose head was bent in a patient contemplation of the gravel that slipped behind under his feet, rumbled up abreast of me, a glance over my shoulder revealed to me the two occupants of the cart—a man of uncertain age, whose bristling red hair and adamant features gave him a peculiarly austere and forbidding appearance, and a healthy boy, perhaps sixteen years of age, who held the reins and met my scrutiny with keen, youthful interest.

"Ride a while, stranger?" asked the man. His words were dropped off at the ends, yet the beginning of each one lived on in a booming mellowness that seemed to resound over the flat fields and fill the rotunda of the sky. He reached to the reins beyond the boy's big, oversized hands, pulling the great red beast to a patient stop. "Step over here into the back o' the wagon, Owen," he said to the boy. "Climb up!"

Breaking Away from a City-bred Ancestry

I DID as I was bid, compelled in part by the undefined power of the man's personality. At the droop of the lines the broad-flanked, muscular creature, whose hind quarters moved just beneath our feet, took his honest stride once more. The boy, sitting on the floor of the wagon, his hands clasped about his knees, dreamed with his face turned toward the pink of sunset. Beside me, the weathered farmer of the Western plain settled his bulk into a comfortable curve, so that his collarless shirt fell away from his bare upper chest and exposed the sharp lines between the Caucasian tints and the sun-colored, heat-drawn area of flesh above. His wrist was as large and square as a piece of joist. "Hep!" said he to the horse at the first indication of diminished energy. He put his hat back on his high forehead for the blessing of the cool evening air. "Hep!" he said. Once he turned to look me over with unfearful curiosity—the curiosity of a whole man. Then "Hep!" he said.

"Bound home?" I asked him. "Yonder's home," he answered, putting his thumb over his shoulder and letting it rest there as if it had been a musket. "Broke my harvester—thing that reverses the blades, and tore away part of the frame." He crooked a thick finger to show me. "No dependin' on these railroads to get a thing back when she's gone to be repaired. Drive in for it. Started noon. Back to-morrow noon if it ain't too heavy a load. Hep! You just walkin'?"

"Yes," I said, "for the exercise." I rather expected to see him look me over with a trace of contempt. Instead he raised his head and brought it down with emphasis. "When you're in to city life a day's walk is a month on your life—that's right," he said, with that sure-footed sympathy which is the offspring of experience. "Feel more like a human, don't you?"

"Then you—?" "You bet, stranger, I'm a deserter. I served right long in that life. No furlough for me! I'm a plain deserter. I quit the city near twenty years ago. Still calls to me like a woman, but I'm not easy fooled!"

"You mean that you were born and brought up in the city?" said I.

"Yessirree," he affirmed, and looked quickly over his shoulder to be sure his son could not hear him above the rattle of the farm wagon. "Didn't you ever know of anybody goin' out of a city to fight with this?" He swept his hand toward the expanse of cultivated fields. "Tell me," said I.

"Chicago." He looked at me sidelong. "God, but it's got a personality just like a human creature! That is, as far as I'm concerned. I was born in Chicago. Back of me was my father, born in Buffalo; back of him



"A plain deserter—I quit the city twenty years ago"

was his father, born in Boston. All city folks. Hep!"

He pulled at his scrubby, wired beard. "My name's Nelson Hatfield, stranger. And what I tell you is facts, and maybe, bein' tied up to city life, you can use 'em on your own account. Nice ten acres of cabbages there?"

I merely assented with a nod. It is a rule with professional interviewers never to interrupt distinguished folks who are once started talking about themselves; the maxim applies to the undistinguished.

"My father was a broker," Hatfield went on. "He never raised a spear of grain in his life, but when he'd finished with real estate in Buffalo he dealt in wheat in Chicago. Follow? And he made no end of money, and twelve years after I was born it squizzled out and he squizzled out. He shot himself—that's what he did. Some of the folks said his mistake was speculation, others said it was drinking, with the misfortune of never bein' able to get drunk—foxy suggestion, but they all missed it. Stranger, he squizzled out for a darn sight deeper reason than that. He squizzled out because his race—because the meat he was made of had squizzled out."

"How do you mean?" I said, looking into the other's squinted eyes.

"See here," he said. "Hep, there, Snooks!—Look here, did you ever raise cattle? Um, eh? You've got to outbreed 'em? Yessirree. Well, you make the city the mistress of a few generations of one blood, and you let the city be a mother to 'em, and they squizzle out by 'n by. With a heap of trainin' and care and a-pickin' of flesh-and-blood wives you can keep along for a while—say a couple o' hundred year respectable—position, family—all that, but even then the man is all out of 'em. None of 'em pile into life like a ton o' bricks—mighty few. But the Hatfield line went up the spout a-flyin', and the reason was that the city had got what the Hatfields had to give and the Hatfields hadn't got enough left to make even a decent line of future Hatfields. Talkin' about 'em, just as if they was Holstein cattle—course, you understand. Squizzled out!"

"And you?" I suggested. "You are a Hatfield?"

"Me?" He spoke more softly, as if to suggest that he hesitated to mention his own condition. "Well, I know what you mean, but you see I'm not exactly a failure. You'll excuse me for saying that. But the Hatfield family is on its way upward again. That's my theory! And perhaps I'm something of a success." He chuckled, deep in his throat. "Of course a man who owns only sixteen acres of Minnesota soil and a handful of stock and nine children and a wife and a shelf of books and a well of good cold water don't amount to much. And in this land of big farms he isn't even much of a farmer—who knows me, eh?—Hep! Snooks!—But, stranger, I've done something if I have put some yeast into the Hatfields. You believe that? My theory—sure! Look there now—See them wild pigeons? Getting awful scarce—all shot off!"

"But," said I, "just what do you mean?"

"My theory," he answered. "Perhaps it don't amount

to nothin', but I'll tell you more.—Whoa there, boy!" He put the reins under his knee, and surprised me by rolling a cigarette; a pipe would have seemed more natural to him. However, he thrust it into the recesses of his red beard and, bending forward, lit it, the flare of the match, which contested the fading daylight, revealing the clarity of his blue eyes. "Hep there!—let's see how I was left when the old man went," he said reflectively. "An uncle of mine—another Hatfield just about at the end

of his string, too, and with three sons who don't amount to corn-cobs to-day—well, he put me along through school. I had every chance, knew nice people—fewer and fewer every year. Came out of school and went into a dry-goods house as assistant manager of the shipping department, and filled that job and all those below, one below the other, till I got bounced out of the lower end. Nobody could put his finger on what was the matter. Some said I was lazy. I idled over my work some. Others said I was smokin' cigarettes. It was so, but just as true of most other youngsters in the store. Some said I was too proud to begin at the bottom. Something in that, too. The boss said it was hangin' around cheap places of amusement. Maybe. Others said drink, for I always drank a little. None of 'em knew. I didn't know. A little something wrong all around, and the answer to it all is that I was a Hatfield, and the days of the Hatfields—squizzled out and squeezed dry by the city—was all done."

A Hatfield Turns Brakeman on the Santa Fe

THE cigarette, which he had consumed as he talked, chewing the smoke with his words, he now squeezed between a calloused thumb and forefinger, and tossed into the road.

"So it went," he continued. "I didn't know what was the matter. At twenty-four I lived in a little room in a boarding-house with a window opening on to a shaft. I was narrer across the chest and hated my jobs. Readin' good books, which was a habit I got from my mother, who went a year after the old man, don't go well with driving a parcel delivery wagon. Lord, how I suffered! I didn't let go the idea that I was somebody pretty big, and the notion came to me that the world had it in for me. I was about the last of the city Hatfields, and I was peterin' out fast."

"How did you wake yourself up to this?" I asked, for he had pulled his flimsy felt hat down on his forehead, as if he considered that he might weary me with his talk.

"Well, I didn't.—Come on there, Snooks!—Chance did it—or the Almighty. Finally, it got to be a case of root, hog, or die. I got the first job I could—a brakeman on the Santa Fe. Lord, what a joke—a Hatfield a brakeman! But, stranger, do you know what it did?" He shut his fist and set it softly on his knee. "Why, it took me out of the city—the city that was my mother, and a darn poor mother every time. Can't raise children or reproduce herself! Why, stranger, city men are the ones that wreck cities in the end, and cities have wrecked nations. I ain't much of a reader, but where a man sees or reads or hears once in a city, a man like me, workin' in the open and out in the open country, *thinks* fifty times. So I say look at Rome and Babylon and Paris, and every big place that's had a chance to whoop it up—they never missed the chance, and it was the run-out breeds, like the Hatfields, that did the business."

"And you went out of Chicago?" I asked. "Three days out of every seven I ran to Topeka," he said, having paused to prod his memory. "And I was miserable. I didn't have any theory then. But just the chance to see a little space did me good, though I didn't notice it at first. I know I improved right there during the first three or four months."

He looked up at me with a sly twist to the corner of his usually severe mouth. "Heh," he laughed. "You'd like to know. Well, every run we made we got nearly down to the Missouri line before one of those old-fashioned freight engines would have to stop for water. I remember the place well where the water-tank stood. A white farmhouse, near the track. There was a few trees around it. And a girl was sittin' underneath of those trees one day. I sat on the edge of the car with my legs dangling over, and I thought she was lookin' my way, so I waved my hand. She didn't wave back."

But on the next trip I waved again, and then she did. After that she always waved—took pains, I guess, to be out there, and when it rained she stood in the doorway—a pretty girl, too. But I never thought of her much; I didn't have the gumption. I'd heard who she was—a fine, good girl, but to me she was just a girl to wave at. Until one day when I sat in the sunshine with my legs dangle over and waitin' for her to wave a second time, when all of a sudden, stranger, I heard a voice right inside of me, and it said: 'That's the girl you want.' Well, sir, I got up onto my feet. I kind of surprised myself! I said right out loud: 'I want to marry that girl, and, by thunder, I will marry her!' And, brother, I did!"

"And now?"

"She's still back yonder"—he indicated again with his thumb—"and probably getting supper for eight of the youngsters. Why, yes," he went on, "railroadin' took me away from her too much. Then we bought this place we've got now—had it ever since."

"Never been tempted to go to the city—never been sorry?" I asked.

He looked at me seriously, and shook his head as if doubtful of his own answer. "Well, I don't know," he said. "You see, I'm a Hatfield, and I'm different. The city would have finished me, and as you see, it was the sunshine and open air and seeing the soil near to that put it into me to say: 'I will marry her!' It was the country, and I'd never leave it."

"But," said I, "you are the very man I want to ask. You know both ends. What makes the people go into the cities from the country? And those that stay here in the country—what makes them stay?"

"Hep!" said he to the giant horse. "And what makes the few that come, come, eh? I'll tell you, stranger, why there ain't more come and why there ain't more that growin' up who stay. It's because it takes a thinkin' man to be satisfied to be away from the biggest buzz of the biggest hive."

"Now, I figure that I have a good time raising fine stock. Look at that horse. I bred him! And I like to own land and have my own trees and my own fields and eat what I grow myself. There's a heap of satisfaction in seeing things grow because you make 'em grow. A bigger squash than last year's squash is a heap of fun. Then I figure, too, I'm independent. I've got my place and my family and plenty of water and air, and space for them to grow in. I don't have to swallow anybody's opinion. And I can tell everybody else to go to the devil and yet never want to. That's bein' happy some, I take it! And my boys and girls don't grow up like sheep. They ain't lost in a run of human sheep, and imitat' the ways of the crowd just because it is a crowd. And it's more peaceful. Seems to me the smells and sounds and sights are nicer; seems as if I was gettin' what belongs to me, not because I deserve it, but just because I'm a man, and God gave me a lot of things, out of hand, if I'd a mind to go and get 'em. Stranger, I've thought a lot about your question before you ever asked me."

The Unregulated Flow of City Life

HE leaned over the edge of the wagon, his keen eyes having caught sight of something in the road. Somebody killed a snake. Owen, look there in the right-hand ditch," he shouted to his son. He rolled another cigarette. The flare this time startled a belated curlew into swift, complaining flight. The horse jogged on toward the visible glow on the horizon. He had nearly reached the high banks of the Mississippi River.

"Did you ever think," said Hatfield to me, "that folks that live in the city don't think of anything but the city? And did you ever think that most folks in the

country don't ever think much about what's better in livin' in the country? Huh! Seems to me it's just as I said, that people stay in the city long after they're all wore out with it, and people go into the city too soon, just because they don't think."

"Yet farming has its disadvantages," said I. "I couldn't live on a farm. No."

"Sure," he said, "of course not. There's disadvantages so thick that you can get a painful by just shakin' the bushes. One of 'em for a feller like you, who don't know anythin' about farmin', is that you don't know anythin' about farmin'." He laughed. "No more'n I did when I came out here with Mary in '85. Why, I didn't know a thing. I thought I did. I thought I could show a hen how to lay an egg!—Hep there, Snooks!"

"Well, I guess!" he went on. "There's a long way to doctors and stores, and the very space you're so glad of puts you away from what you need any minute. There ain't any gas, and the news comes to you late, so's if you're used to city ways, why, you seem kind of out of what's goin' on. You ain't sure you're always right up to snuff. And besides, the days is pretty much alike—monotonous—you understand. And there's lots more, but top of the whole heap is the lack of people. A man's a good deal like a caterpillar. You know how they nest all up together in a tree. Got to have company and goin's on together."

"That can be accomplished, however, can't it?" I said. "Isn't it being accomplished by the telephone and things like that? When you drive a motor-car, instead of Snooks here, you'll be nearer to other people."

"Well, I hadn't thought of it," he said; "but it's a fact—I guess."

For some minutes the farm wagon rattled on without our conversation.

"Then there's money," said he, as if suddenly recalling its existence. "That takes a lot of 'em to cities. The big farmers make it. Even I make some—enough to educate the children first-rate. But it takes some money to buy a big farm."

"What's money?" I asked.

"Exactly," said he. "What's money?" Then he looked up quickly to see if I was in earnest. "I'd rather be the father of that boy," he said, jerking his head backward, "than to have money in plenty. But money fools a lot of folks, I guess."

Snooks, the giant horse, slowed down into a walk: we had reached a rise of ground. In the more quiet progress of the cart we could hear the little clamor of the night insects in the tangle of weeds by the roadside.

"Wish Owen and I hadn't eaten the supper my wife wrapped up for us," said Hatfield. "I'd like some now, and I guess you would, too, if you've been walkin' steady. But the boy and I got hungry, and we caught each other lookin' at the bundle and sniffin'." He chuckled. "It's gone!"

"He's the oldest boy," he proceeded, "Owen. The next is George, and smarter'n a steel trap. He won't go to the city. He's got a taste for farmin'—the scientific kind—knowin' of soils and all that, and he'll make money and he'll make it farmin'. I'm glad. Yes, I'm glad. They tell me that more folks in the United States make farmin' their occupation than most of the rest of the industries all put together." He pounded his knee, for the first time truly serious. "That's a good thing, and God help the country when it isn't any longer so! It's the open country that makes the real men, I guess. That's my idea!"

"Well," said I, "I agree, or at least that is the feeling I have." I felt his thick shoulder rub mine. He was a real man, I reflected, purged of artifice, clean of morbid thought, fearing no one, begging nothing, dependent on no superior, happy in his hours, hungry through work, sleepy by a day of patient production, healthy,

contented, useful, shouldering the responsibility of nine new citizens with good cheer, fighting his own fight with a smile, rising each day to look it squarely in the face. This was a Hatfield—the last and the first of the Hatfields.

"Look yonder!" said he.

We had reached the top of the rise. The sky above us was still faintly pink with the finger-tips of the sunset. Far away down the valley the Mississippi showed, in one of its tortuous curves, a horseshoe of gray silver water, seemingly more lustrous than the gray sky above. But in the hollow of its high bank the city, like a creature come down to the brink in its dying thirst, spread itself in sullen immobility. Above it, from the glow of its lights, there hung a gaseous radiance. Wherever a bit of river or sky crept down behind them, the square tops of high buildings, the steeples, the thousand and one irregularities of the urban skyline stood out with marvelous and tiny distinction. We sensed, from afar, the multitude of people there, the infinite movement, the eternal mystery of the city.

And then behind us we heard the voice of Owen, the boy. "My!" he said. "My!" He had come up behind us on the floor of the cart, and now that his father had drawn the horse to a stop, he stood, leaning slightly forward, gazing down toward the breathing, winking hulk of the town. Not until that moment when he stood there alive with desire had I noticed the strength of his young face.

"Well," said his father, "what do you think, Owen?"

"Why, I was just thinking," he said in an awed voice. "I was just thinking I wish we had come to stay. I haven't been here since we all drove in—three years ago, I guess. I wish we lived there!"

"Why?" asked the older Hatfield.

"Oh!" cried the boy, his powerful hand grasping the edge of the farm wagon. "Couldn't a feller make things hum! Couldn't he do things—just!"

Whence Comes the Strength of the Cities

HIS father turned toward me. "There's another reason, perhaps," he said softly. "We didn't speak of that, eh? No, no exactly." He lowered his voice still more. "Oh, I'll let him go if he wants. I took one poor specimen out of the city." He gripped my knee and leaned toward my ear. "And, by thunder, if I've got to do it I can send nine good ones back—the kind that won't squizzle, by thunder!"

Both of us turned toward the boy. Even in the gloom we both could see the look in his great round eyes that were fixed on the distant city. I observed him once, and it seemed to me that the look was the look of a tiger, alive with instinct at the sight of quarry and the smell of blood. But looking again, it seemed to me that the gleam in the eyes of the boy was the manifestation of the inherent divinity of men.

"Come here, Owen," said his father, gulping quickly. "There's room here on this seat for you." As his son climbed over between us, the older man put his arm around him with unwonted, impulsive affection. The boy squirmed uneasily until his father had reached forward again with both hands to gather up the reins.

"My boy," said Hatfield, "if you want to come here by and by to make your way, I'll help." He licked his lips. "But don't ever forget this, Owen. Don't forget where you got your strength or where you'll have to go or perhaps your children or your grandchildren will have to go to get it back again. It's the soil, boy! Don't forget that. It's the soil!"

The youth nodded. He did not seem to fully understand. His father smiled, however, and rolled another cigarette. He shook the reins. "Hep!" he exclaimed. "Hep there!"

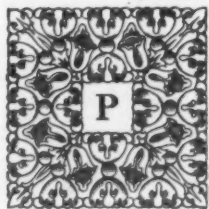
Letters of a Japanese Schoolboy

By HASHIMURA TOGO

XI—How American Advertisement Does It

SAN FRANCISCO, January 10, 1908
To Editor COLLIER WEEKLY who might know list of peculiarities.

DEAR MR. SIR:



PLEASE to ask some of your customers who read comfortable COLLIER to tell one necessary reply to poor Japanese Boy who is again in condition of not working. Please ask them how best for cheap money I can advertise myself as needing situation of employment at wash-dishes, table-wait, being valet or teaching American language to Japanese or German foreigners. I put in the following itemized appeal into San Francisco newspaper-press:

WANTED—JAPANESE SCHOOLBOY IS earnest about something to do, and can speak Japanese or American while doing so. Can make beds politely, cherish house-plants and assist cow or horse of good family. I perform most difficult duties when confined to kitchen and can persuade Pianola to go when excited. Answer it immediately. Maybe that will be too late.—Response, Togo, this news.

That correspondence cost price of \$1.85 obtained by borrowing. I am depressed about results and confused to think. This morning I see that advertise in newspaper-press where I put it. But sakes of life! how difficult to see it! I look in Wanting Column of this journal-paper and find such disgusting number of persons was pleading for jobs and was crowding all over that page saying so about it. Numerous Swedish persons was applying in that Wanting-Column for occupations at it. Very few of these offered to do such talented things like I did. And yet I was No. 114 in that list of workers! It is very difficult for pride of Japanese Boy to read about himself in such small print.

Of suddenly I enjoy one serious brain-thought. Advertising is one beautiful national custom which Japanese Boy must learn before becoming complete. It is habit of these U. S. persons to print statements of their virtues and hand it around. In Japan when spring of love-time come along persons deliver little lily-pad plants to doorstep and remind friends of their aliveness. In these U. S. persons at approach of springtime deliver advertisement-circu-

lar for same reason. Hon. Dr. Smith, dentist, leave to doorstep of dear friend following card:

DO YOU ENJOY TOOTHACHE?
Dr Smith Pulls Teeth from Experience
Get the Habit!!!

Each gentleman indulging in art or business do likesome to any extent. Gentlemen wishing to succeed in poetry, plumbing, clergyman or eye-wash medicine must put-in some kind of holler about it.

Landscapes is good for these decorations.

In travelling through American scenery by rail-car I can not interest my brain-thoughts in birds & flowers because of large conversation which persons has painted all over nature. By sweet runny-brook is sign-post of fierce red to say, "Sizzzo Table Water. It is Sufficient." By grandeur of top-mountain is reckless blue motto, "Circulation of 'Daily Bazoo' Is Making Climb Up." By lovely oat-patch is signature, "Mormon Oats—They Chew Themselves." Meadow of grass is full with gigantic hop-frogs, aggravated bottles, magnificent lady-corsets, etc., which eminent American sculptors has cut out with

saws. Nature is somewhere behind these, but what is she doing? Maybe she is trying to grow.

Frequent professors say-so about American Indians talking with sign-language. Is that it what I seen?

Sidney Katsu, light-thinking Japanese of considerable deceptiveness, say to me of recent date:

"Hon. Togo, you hear what-about has happen to American battle-fleet?"

"Tell me to know," I renig with excitement, because I am Japanese Spy.

"So much is them war-boats painted of white color they will be used for advertisements when approaching to San Francisco," deliver this Katsu.

"Oh not to be possible!" I collapse, "what advertisement will be decorated upon this patriotic navy?"

"Following words will there be painted upon each white-side boat," commute Katsu and show this card:

This Fleet is Painted with
SNOWDRIFT ENAMEL PAINT
Try it on Your Bath-Tub!!!

Shall I believe this calamity to American navy, Mr. Editor? I am disgusted to suspect that fly-off brain of Sidney

Katsu. Some one has taught him to tell lying talk, American custom.

It is sinful to legal laws of America for poets, actresses, politicians, burglary and other authors to put in advertisements about themselves. So it is difficult for them. And yet they do it. How so? By becoming so active that newspaper-print is irresistible to talk about it. Maybe actresses lose jewel-clasp. Burglary take it. She report as follows, "Oh my!"

"What is difficulty of health, Hon. Madam?" require reporter gentlemen who is there.

"I have lost it my jewel-clasp," she defy.

"Thank you for knowledge," personify this Hon. Reporter, "While you are speaking about, tell me of your marriages, please, as well as of other family disconnections."

So loud report of one column duration appear by next news-print. Maybe lady noveletter name of Mrs. McGlinny come over to here from kingdom of London with book of title "Three Months." She enjoy great quiet, thank you, for that

length of time. At finally "Mothers of Rebellion," sweet-hearted collection of ladies, decry, "Come and speech before us at dine-table, please."

"So pleasant to do," digest this Hon. Mrs. McGlinny. "I will speech of what happened in them 3 months."

"Oh, not to do!" abrupt them mothers. "We do not permit such talk before husbands, please."

"O considerably well!" dement Mrs. McGlinny striking piano with angry rage. Immediately she make rapid transit to newspaper press. Some talk is made with reporter and by following morning the below headlines is to appear:

SUCH HORRID BOOK!

Is "Three Months" Thus?

It is; and we will give prizes to person who reads it least

By next morning one thousand million copy of this book is entirely exhausted and publisher is despondent because so fatigued.

From Boston I discover this communication which cover ½ page of all-American newspaper:

"American citizens, are you all-time foolish? Hon. Abe Lincoln say you are considerably so. I agree to this, thank you! Then why you no buy stocks when I told you it was? I enquire. Did I not told you how stock-market would do something soon? It done something. Did I not told you amalgamation of copper would go to somewhere? It follow that program. Then bought as much as convenient, please, or else sell or do something!!!

"Take advice for it. You are in finger-nails of sharks. System, that hard-eye system, will squeeze, squeeze till blood-drop refuses to enjoy pain. Therefore, do it now!

"I will speech one last word before saying more. On afternoon of Feb 22 keep eye-watch on tick-tock of stock. If nothing happen then it will be postponed.

"I often tell you to think. That will be good practice. Persons enjoying wealth is recommended to invest it. Persons having none is advised to keep it.

THOMAS W. LAWSON."

This letter of correspondence was wrote by memory. Perhaps it is wrong in places. I am often wonderful about this Hon. Lawson man. Is he running for President or merely for fun? I ask to know.

So this American kingdom go rapidly with speed because of steam of them advertising. American gentleman enjoys great smartness inside of brain.

He say "No use of doing nothing for nobody if nobody knows." So type-setting, bill-stucking, paint-drawing is done. Violets is permitted to blush behind something in these U. S. They usually does this blushing performance behind sign-board saying "50c per bunch." If Hon. Lawson, Hon. Bryan, Hon. Kipling can not get jobs of employment without some advertisement, how can Japanese Boy do so? This question made me do it when I put in that item of ideas to wanting-column of news.

Maybe it will be responded for. I am patient to hope.

Yours truly,

HASHIMURA TOGO.

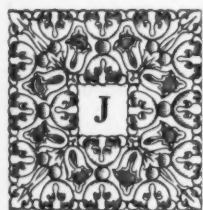
S. P.—Laboring Unions of Pacific Coast decry with voice, "Japanese is taking all variety of jobs from persons of white extraction." Maybe so. But I have not been very fortunate in this branch of Yellow Peril, thank you.—H. T.

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Behind the Scenes at Washington

Brief and Intimate Stories about Statesmen and Diplomats Fished from the News Eddy about the Nation's Capital

Foxy Jeff Davis



JEFF DAVIS—and he says that it is plain Jeff, not Jefferson or Jeffries—is certain that he had a narrow escape from being caught in the tentacles of the octopus a few days ago. The new Senator from Arkansas informed his constituents just before leaving to take the oath of office that he intended, within a week after reaching Washington, to march down the main aisle of the Senate Chamber in his stocking feet and shake his boots at the old "icicle" in the chair, meaning thereby the Vice-President. The metropolitan press had charged that when the new Arkansas Senator had been in

The fact that the newspaper was metropolitan was sufficient to put Senator Davis on his guard. But he decided to receive the visitor. When the latter came to the room the first act of the conspiracy was unfolded to the Arkansas Senator. The metropolitan journalist of the male persuasion was accompanied by a lady whom we shall call Miss Pansy. Her male escort introduced her to the Senator.

"This is Miss Pansy, staff correspondent," etc. "She has come to interview you, Senator, with a view of writing her impressions of a great man, a friend of the plain people," etc. Whereupon the male conspirator started to depart.

"Hold!" exclaimed Senator Davis. "I have nothing to say to this lady here which you and the world may not hear. I prefer that we be not left alone."

The interview proceeded. The Senator prefaced it with the remark: "I trust, madame, you are not an adventuress?" Though reassured promptly on that point, Jeff Davis firmly believes that he thwarted the first great plot to undermine and discredit the "true friend of the people."

Root as a Humorist

CABINET resignation rumors at all times constitute good "copy" for the Washington newspaper men. As the Presidential election approaches these rumors become more frequent. Occasionally it is the Secretary of State who is to be forced into retirement in favor of Robert Bacon, Assistant-Secretary of State, who was a classmate of the President. Now for the truth from the lips of an official who knows:

"Mr. Root was a very sick man last summer. It seemed extremely doubtful if he could continue to perform the arduous duties demanded of the Secretary of State. But thanks to Professor Muldoon, Mr. Root is now restored to perfect health. He has no more intention of leaving the Cabinet than has Secretary Straus. The case can not be more strongly put than that."

Secretary Root is not devoid of a sense of humor, although most of his time is given up to serious questions of diplomacy. One of Mr. Root's daily diversions is reading the comment in William R. Hearst's string of newspapers and casting his eye over the cartoons which are sandwiched in between the "Happy Hooligans" and "Scremo, the Monk." One morning recently a caller found the Secretary of State perusing a copy of the Morning Hearst. The visitor was a member of the Foreign Relations Committee of the Senate, and had come to discuss with Mr. Root questions bearing on the diplomatic relations between Guatemala and Mexico. Secretary Root dropped the newspaper while his visitor proceeded to talk on the Central American imbroglio. The

Senator was telling the Secretary that newspaper despatches from the seat of the trouble hinted at the possibility that a man who stood very close to the Presi-



Secretary Root

dent of Guatemala had been in a large degree responsible for the assassination of a former President of Guatemala within the borders of Mexico, and for whom extradition had been asked. Mr. Root looked up with an air of affected surprise:

"Ah! and do they suspect him?" asked the Secretary languidly. "I had thought that perhaps Mr. Hearst would accuse me of this matter."

Senator Ben's Profitable Fun

SENATOR TILLMAN has been having a lot of fun with the Yankees the past summer. It was expensive fun for the "Yanks"; profitable fun for the statesman. Senator Ben gathered in about \$30,000 from the Chautauqua field



Senator Tillman

and bought a farm or two more in South Carolina. Though it was not his first season as a lecturer, probably it was his best, for the effect of the advertising he gets is cumulative.

"They thought they were having fun with me. Well, maybe they were," said the Senator with a chuckle. "I made them pay me \$250 a night for telling them some things about this 'nigger' question they had never heard before. Maybe they didn't like it. Maybe they did. I know they yelled like a lot of rebels."

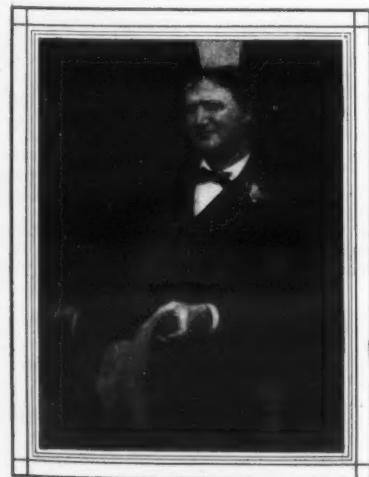
The President's Shaving Hour

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT is shaved just before luncheon in the little room which separates his private office from that of Secretary Loeb. There, reclining in a leather chair fashioned with a decided tilt backward, Mr. Roosevelt submits the Presidential chin to the manipulations of the official barber. And this time is not lost; as the shaving proceeds, visitors are received.

In illustration of an article on the President, a magazine printed some forty-nine cuts of the head of Mr. Roosevelt. Each was different. Each had its own peculiar expression. And the wonder of all these snapshots was that any man, no matter how strenuous could give to his countenance so many different expressions. Any one who has seen these pictures can well sympathize with the official barber-in-waiting, for President Roosevelt is not silent when being shaved. Moreover, that steady-muscled artist employs the razor of our daddies—not the "safety" variety.

The visitor wedges in a few words. They interest the President and start a train of thought which must find expression. He breaks his silence and talks with the vehemence and positiveness of a campaign orator, accentuating his periods with a snap of the jaw that is almost terrifying. The facial results are easily imagined. With the razor poised in mid-air, the poor barber patiently waits for the President's countenance to subside. Then a few strokes, while the visitor has another short in-n-ing. Perchance the caller tells a funny story, when, without so much as a warning gesture, Mr. Roosevelt bursts into whole-souled laughter. Not a second too soon, the barber jerks away the razor, and the President's lineaments remain unblemished.

If decorations were conferred in this country, there would be no more deserving candidate than the official barber-in-waiting. Yet to him life has its compensations. He is the repository of many secrets of state which he does not understand or comprehend. More pleasing still, he is the wonder and admiration of all men who have borne witness to his cunning. One of these, a journalist, made so bold as to compli-



Senator Davis

Washington six months he would be feeding from the hands of the trust magnates. He repelled this insinuation, saying that he might eat crumbs with Lazarus, but that he wouldn't share pound cake with Dives. Mr. Davis also declared to the "hill billies" and the "one-gallused" boys in the midst of their vociferous cheering that he wouldn't wear a dress suit in Washington under any circumstances. He called it a spike tail, however.

The new Senator kept glancing to the right and to the left after reaching Washington to see that no trust magnate threw a lariat around his neck, and it was because of this watchfulness and alertness that he was able, as he believes, to thwart a diabolical plot. A card came to the Senator's room from a metropolitan newspaper correspondent.

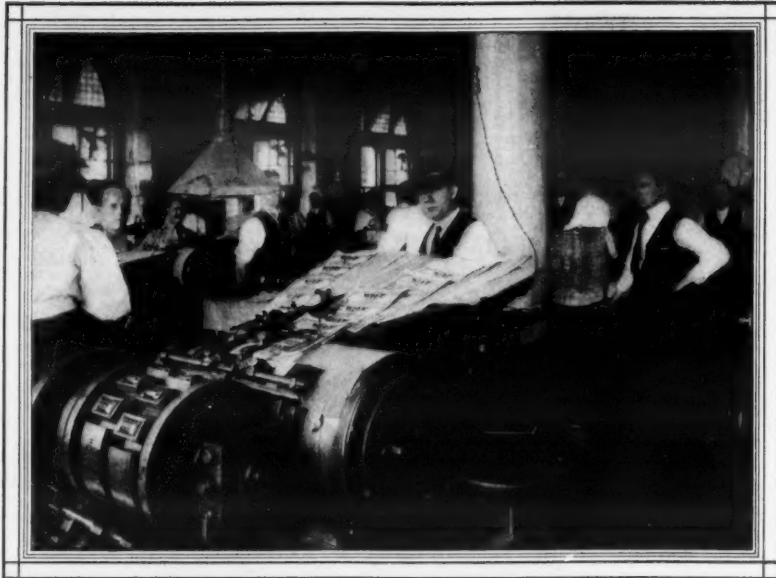
ment him, indirectly, in the President's ear. And the method of it was about like this:

"Do you recall, Mr. President," asked the journalist, "the story of the man who desired to reward the cleverest of his three sons?"

For once the President's mind was a blank, the Presidential memory failed to revive the tale.

"As I remember it," continued the journalist, "one of the sons was a blacksmith. He replaced the shoes of the leader of a four-horse team, with four new shoes, without halting the rapid-going coach in its journey. Another son was a fencing master, who in a heavy rainstorm whirled his sword in so rapid a fashion that not a drop of rain fell on his head. The third son was a barber. Seeing a hare running across the field, he hastily filled his basin with lather, and as the hare raced by, this barber shaved off a part of his beard without cutting him or shortening a single hair besides."

There was a hearty, explosive laugh from the President, who saw the application of the Grimm fairy-story instantly. But the official barber-in-waiting, who had snatched away the



Printing the new Government three per cent certificates

razor ere it slashed the Presidential throat, did not so much as raise the corners of his mouth.

Our Overworked "Money Factory"

NEVER before in the history of the Government has the "money factory," otherwise known as the Bureau of Engraving and Printing, been so hard worked. After the order was given to print the new three per cent certificates of indebtedness, to the amount of a hundred million dollars, and the Panama Canal bonds, to the amount of fifty millions, the Bureau was kept working day and night with all the force that could be jammed into the available space. Enlarged quarters for this Bureau are imperatively demanded—no doubt about that. Two years ago the Secretary of the Treasury asked Congress for an appropriation for a new building in which to conduct these "money-making" operations; but Congress was too busy to attend to this, or to the recommendations repeated for many years by the President, the Secretary of the Treasury, and the Comptroller of the Currency, in favor of "elasticity" in the currency.



He might not rein in his horse nor speak

Deborah

A Soldier's Solution of the Mormon Problem

By GWENDOLIN OVERTON

where he had left his mother and his brothers and sisters. About this one he knew nothing and cared less. Yet he was dully aware that such interest as he and his comrades seemed to awaken in the few inhabitants they passed had less of compassion than of dislike, and even satisfaction in their plight.

Once, however, by some instinct he raised his eyes, and they encountered those of a girl. She was close beside him, leaning on a gate. And he knew that she pitied him. He had never before been in a condition where any one could do so. He was almost inclined to resent it. And yet he was grateful. He had felt himself far away from woman's kindness and sympathy. The face of the girl remained in his memory.

He talked of it in his fever as he lay in the post hospital, fighting a fierce battle for the life which exposure and over-exertion had risked.

When the battle was won and while he was gathering his strength as he wandered through the ward, or sat on the veranda in the sunshine, he still thought of it. He had nothing to do; he was disappointed in that desire to see foreign lands which had led him to enlist; he was lonely—and very homesick. So the girl, who might have been quite forgotten in the midst of other conditions, kept her place in his memory and assumed an importance that, even to himself, seemed rather absurd.

In course of time he was judged fit for duty and was sent to his troop that he might begin the strenuous process of being made into a soldier. The rare intervals of leisure he employed in picking up information about the country. He observed, and he asked questions of every one—from Irish and Mexican packers to Apache scouts. And gradually he drew to himself the notice of his captain as a man of initiative and promise. To such an extent did he improve his opportunities that it was not long before he was thought fit to go on pay escort.

Once a month the pay for the soldiers was delivered at the railway, and there given over into the charge of an officer and a detachment of men to be taken back to the post.

The route was the same by which the recruits had come in February. But its aspect was very different now. The hillsides were many-hued with wild flowers, the forests breathed balm upon the mild air. By the creeks and in little glades fleurs-de-lis made stretches of deep blue. Near the roadside roses and clematis grew. As Stone rode along on his good horse he thought of the other time he had passed this way. He wondered if the girl in Edenville would recognize him, changed as he was. He knew more about the village than before. It was a Mormon community; and he had gleaned facts as to the habits of the sect. One of them, he had been told, was to dispose of their maidens in matrimony at an early age, that the tribe of the saints might increase. Perhaps the girl was married. He would make it his business to find out.

His second arrival was unlike the first. He was a full-fledged soldier now, and the olive drab sat well upon him. He rode the handsomest horse in the troop, one whose paces and arching neck would have fitted it to carry a general officer.

The appearance of the little town was changed too. The Painted Desert surrounded it, burning red and gold and ashen in the midday glare. But the town itself lay in a hollow, an oasis of loveliness. To the east, by the river, were its fertile green fields. And its wide streets were lined with poplars and cottonwood. The fruit trees were in bloom. There were flower and berry bushes in the garden, and over all things was an air of peace and quiet and prosperity—those primal characteristics of the Mormon towns.

Stone looked for the girl, but he did not see her. So when he had cared for his horses and otherwise attended to the duties of a good cavalryman, he went out in search of her. He found the street by which he had come in upon that stern first day. And he walked slowly down it, searching with his eyes the gardens to the right. The men were for the most part away in the fields, but of women and children there were many. The girl he sought was not among them, however. He walked up and down every one of the eight rectangular streets and could not find her. Disappointment thereupon led him to an incautious thing. He took himself to the brick building, which was a general supply and feed and grain store. Hither, at one time or another, all the inhabitants came. There was a possibility of seeing the girl. Or he might find out about her. He knew well enough that soldiers were not popular, that it was the custom to ring a tocsin when they approached. But he took his chances of finding favor with some unoccupied Mormon, young or old, that he might enter into conversation. And it befell as he wished.

The reverend, white-bearded elder in charge of the store had nothing to do at the moment; and the civilizing influences of trade had made him accessible. Stone bought tobacco and cigarette papers and went out upon the bench in front of the store to smoke. The elder joined him. Stone began by being agreeable until he flattered himself that he had won a certain degree of confidence. He then proceeded to put it to the test.

"Whose pretty girl is that who lives up there on Peach Street?" he asked.

"There's a good many of 'em," said the old man with civic pride and senile jocularity.

"There are that," agreed Stone mendaciously—for he had been struck by the rule of commonplace countenances to which the one in his memory was an exception.

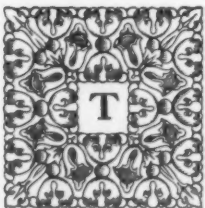
"But this girl was tall above the average, and well set up. She's got gray eyes and copper-colored hair." The old man looked straight before him and stroked his beard.

"I don't know any such girl," he said. Just then a customer came, and he went in, leaving Stone by himself.

Now, there is a tone of voice which, precisely because it is lowered and unusual, is apt to catch the attention of the very ear it is not meant to reach. Such a tone presently came to the soldier from the inside of the store. He listened. It was the easier for him to do so because there was a pane missing in the window behind him—a circumstance which the elder had doubtless forgotten and which was hidden by a pile of straw hats.

"He's been asking me about Deborah Tyler," Stone heard. "Tyler's away. But her mother had better keep an eye on her. They're bad lots, those fellows."

The customer, coming out, cast Stone a glance of inquiry and disfavor. He went on his way and the store-keeper returned. Stone said nothing further about the



HE face of a woman can alter that of the landscape; and therefore Stone's impression of Edenville was not wholly bad. He had come with a consignment of recruits, all destined for a garrison a hundred miles away among the mountains. They had been transported from the East by rail, with a minimum of comfort which brought to them all the realization that a soldier's life was not represented in every aspect by the colored lithographs and printed remarks set forth upon the walls of Federal buildings. Weary and lacking sleep they had been set down at a railroad station in the midst of a boundless plain, and there met by a lieutenant and half as many horses as there were men. Before them was a long march, difficult under the best conditions. They were to take it on foot and in the saddle—by turns. And—as the lieutenant did not like a detail which took him away from the comparative comfort of the post and his own quarters—they had to do it in three days. The most experienced had never ridden anything but a plow horse; nor farther than across a field. The majority were accustomed to trolley cars as a means of locomotion. But experience was about to begin for them.

It was winter—February. The desert was not what Stone supposed deserts to be. This one was high above the level of a thousand-mile-distant sea. The snow lay on its face, and a raw wind swept over it. The men learned what suffering meant as they followed their mounted officer, covering the stretch to the first night's halt at Edenville. They alternated at walking and riding. The snow was a foot deep, and they had come unprepared for it. Nor are horses chosen for the cavalry service by reason of the smoothness of their gaits.

Stone chanced to be walking as they entered the little town, limping along, wet and cold and aching. He was thinking of another town in far-off Maryland

girl. But after a while he, too, went away. And when he met a small child he asked where the Tylers' house was. The child pointed it out to him.

Stone kept on and passed the gate. Far back among the flowering peach trees he caught a glimpse of a woman in a gown as pink as the blossoms. And in the filtering sunshine her hair shone like burnished light.

He passed that way again at evening. It was milking time and the cows were coming in from the fields. They wandered down the wide and quiet streets, stopping to drink from the irrigating ditches that curled along beneath the trees. The soft air was full of the voices of children and the baa of lambs. They played about together. It was all a prettier village scene than any the soldier had known even in his boyhood days. And he felt himself to be learning things about the Mormons which were not given the prominence they deserved among their Gentile brethren.

This time the girl was at the gate once more. She held a baby in her arms. It was a pretty baby—and discriminating. It set itself forthwith to act as the emissary of the Cupid it resembled. At sight of Stone it crowded and waved its hand. He stopped to speak to it. "That's a fine little fellow," he observed. The sister blushed. But she evidently had no fear of mauling the baby.

He himself was looking at the girl, straight into the gray eyes. "Do you remember when I was by here in February?" he asked.

"Yes," she answered.

"I thought you might have forgotten. I looked such a hobo."

"No," she told him, "I remember."

"I remember you," Stone said to her. "I've thought of you a good deal. I wanted to get back here and see you." The gray eyes dropped.

"Will you go for a walk with me this evening?" he asked. Her color came more hotly, a little angrily; and she shook her head, drawing back as if she would have gone away. But Stone had hold of the baby's hand now. And he kept it. "What's the matter? It is because we ain't been introduced. I know who you are. And I'm Private William Stone of F Troop. I haven't any friends here." It was a simple masculine attempt to remedy a deficiency which he did not know how otherwise to supply. A group of small brothers and sisters were gathering and staring at him pitilessly. The girl was feminine enough to make him wait for a few moments in suspense. Then she said: "The teamster on the escort wagon that came with you—he's a boy from here."

"Sure thing!" answered Stone. "I never thought of it." He had drawn out his watch to show it to the baby. Now it went back into his pocket. "I'll be around," he said. And he walked away in the evening sunlight, which fell athwart the branches of the poplars and cottonwoods. In the concentration of his thoughts he narrowly missed running down toddling children, or falling over the numerous lambs. Once he stopped short, facing a mild, indifferent cow. His attention was not even diverted to a pair of boys who had been herding in the village kine, and were now racing their ponies down the street with shouts and cries.

The teamster was in the corral where the government teams always put up. Stone stated the case to him briefly. "There's a girl I've been talking to—Miss Tyler. I want you to take me over to her house."

The driver withheld his consent. "I don't know about that. Where's old Tyler?"

"He's away, I heard. But what's that got to do with it?"

"It's got a lot to do with it. He wouldn't want any feller on private's pay hanging around. He knows as well as you that she's a good looking. And he's most likely got his eye on some rich old codger. He can squeeze a two-bit piece till the eagle squeals. Gentiles ain't popular with him neither. He's an old-time Mormon. Don't you know that when you-all are coming through here they rings the big bell and everybody shuts up their chickens and everything you'd be likely to lay your hands upon? They ain't any more anxious to let you have their women than their poultry. Not that I want to discourage you," he added.

"Looks like you don't," observed Stone.

"No—sure I don't. But I can't say I think you've much chance anyway. Deborah has a dozen of 'em after her already, and she won't play with any of 'em. As far as I go, I'd rather see the girls marry you-all anyhow. I think a woman's happier. I was born in polygamy myself, and I know something about it. It seems to me a man ought to be satisfied with one wife."

It was an incautious allusion. But the driver was a youth of liberal tendencies, with most of the rising generation. And he was, moreover, aware that it would have been superfluously elaborate to imply that monog-

amy was the unbroken rule of the settlements. His face had clouded with some recollection of the complications in his own early home. "All right, I'll take you," he said.

And so it befell that Stone spent an evening in the parlor of the Tyler home, looked down upon by crayon portraits and colored photographs of the Tyler relationship. Mrs. Tyler told him that her husband was away. He understood something of these periodic and protracted absences upon the part of certain men of the settlements.

Whether it was that Mrs. Tyler was less averse to the prospect of a Gentile son-in-law than her spouse was reported to be, she accepted the teamster as her own portion, and left the soldier to her eldest daughter—even carrying complacency so far as to take her coreligionist from the room for a time, under pretext of showing him the new well which had been sunk in the orchard. Stone improved the opportunity. "We're going down for the pay, you know," he said. "We ought to get it to-morrow and be back here the night after. I'll see you then, if I can. If not—I'll get word to you. But you'll know I want to see you." He looked at her very steadily. And her eyes did not waver. "Will you want to see me?" he asked.



"Do you remember when I was by here in February?" he asked

"Yes," she answered. There fell a silence. It was she who broke it.

"But if you want to see me, why can't you?"

"We're the pay-escort," he explained. "I'm likely to be on duty." He wondered if she did not know that the money of which they would be in charge had to be guarded watchfully, lest there should happen again what had happened in the past—lest her own people should fall upon it and bear it off. Had she never heard of the fight in the hollow back among the mountains where soldiers had been wounded by Mormon bullets?

The driver, being a civilian, was not obliged to be back in camp at an early hour. So he could remain as long as he chose. But the private had presently to go away. Deborah went with him to the porch. "I'll see you if I can," Stone repeated when they were alone again. "If I don't it may be months before I come this way." He had taken her hand. She let it lie in his. She let him draw her close and hold her in his arms.

And going into battle would have been no harder than to leave her there, at length, and take his way back to the camp.

He was on guard when the pay-escort returned. He sent word to the girl by the teamster. And all that night he walked back and forth looking over at the little village whose poplars rose sombre against the stars. He wondered if she would understand how impossible it was for him to go to her, though he would almost have been ready to risk dishonor and disgrace for it. By now she should have received the letter he had sent back to her by the stage from the railroad.

It was a little after daylight when the detachment started off again—two of the men riding well in advance and two well in the rear, to prevent surprise. The rest were upon either side of the escort wagon with its valuable freight. On the road beyond the settlement they passed a girl. She was gathering wild roses in the early morning. Her eyes were lifted to meet Stone's as he rode by. He might not rein in his horse, nor speak, nor make any open sign. His look held hers for a moment. Then he went on, his face to the front.

The down stage passed them at noon, when they were in camp. It took a letter from Stone.

And for a month thereafter the garrison postmistress daily postmarked an outgoing envelope addressed to Miss Deborah Tyler at Edenvale, and an incoming one directed to Private William Stone of Troop F. After that there was a break in the sequence. The letters for Private Stone ceased to arrive. During a week there were none, and the postmistress found herself obliged to explain how impossible it was that she should have mislaid or lost any mail—or sent it to the wrong place, or put it in the wrong box.

Then Stone sought out the driver who had befriended him. "I've been writing to Deborah Tyler," he said, "and she's been writing to me." The driver grinned. "We've been writing every day."

"Good Lord! It sounds like business."

"I mean business," Stone let him understand at once. "I asked her to marry me. And she said she would. But it's a week now since I've had a letter. Have you got any news from there?" The teamster had none. He offered a possible explanation, however: "I guess likely Tyler's come home and got on to it. He's as cussed as they're made." It was hardly calculated to make Stone's mind easier. He wrote one more letter. It brought no reply.

At the end of another week he tried to get a furlough, long enough to allow of his going down to Edenvale. The request was refused, and it was intimated that he was beginning to ask favors a little too promptly. Then he sought to have it arranged that he might go on the next pay-escort. And he took the first sergeant into his confidence. "It can't be done this time," he was told. "You'll have to wait another chance. But if I was you, Stone, I'd get the girl out of my head—forget her. Why, you never seen her but once. It's all kidfoolishness. It's too sudden. And the Old Man wouldn't stand for your marrying anyhow. He won't give you permission. He don't want a lot of 'women hanging on to the troop.'"

"Do you mean to say he'll refuse to let me marry the girl I want?"

"The Captain? He sure will."

If heretofore Stone's inmost thoughts had occasionally been critical of good order and military discipline, they became now sheer mutiny. Desertion ceased to seem a disgrace. The only argument against it was its inexpediency. If he were to desert he would have to leave this part of the country; and there would be no chance whatever of seeing Deborah.

So he went about his duties and watched the pay-escort go down without him. The teamster was with it again, and he had promised to find out what he could.

When he came back, at the end of eight days, Stone went

over to his room in the Quartermaster's corral. He was lying on the gray blanket of his bunk. "Hello," he said, with a cheerfulness that rang false. "Come in."

"Have you got any news for me?" asked Stone, standing where he was.

"Well—yes. I have. The fact is—well—she's married. It seems you made a mistake and tried to find out about her from the old codger at the store. It got to Tyler, and then he found out you was writing to her. I don't know what became of the letters. I guess nobody ever will. But he didn't like it; so he married her to Scruggs."

"Who is Scruggs?" asked Stone, very quietly.

"He's an old duffer more'n twice her age—worth about a quarter of a million, they say. He's got a three-room board shanty over by Two Rivers. Stock ranch."

"How far is it?"

"Hundred miles or so. You can't go there."

"Has he got any other wives?"

"I couldn't say."

"Yes, you could. Has he?" But either the teamster was ignorant of the truth or was loyal to his people.

"I don't know nothing more than I've told you," and then he added: "Except that the girl didn't want to marry him."

No doubt of it had occurred to Stone. In another part of the world he might have thought ill of a woman who allowed herself to be forced into a marriage against her desire. But he knew that there were methods of compulsion in these remote settlements which did not obtain in places nearer to the beaten track and more subject to the influence of inimical public opinion. Deborah had said she would marry him, and she had meant it. There was no question of it in his mind. If she had not kept her promise it was because her father and those about her had had recourse to means he dared not let himself think about.

As he went out of the corral and back to the barracks several quite untenable ideas suggested themselves to him. But maturer thought showed him that they were only to be dismissed. It was out of the question that he should go at once to Two Rivers, dispose of the

elderly bridegroom by one method or another, and carry off the bride. He had enlisted for a period of three years. Two and a half were yet to be served; and the Army, even as the Mormon hierarchy, had means of compulsion. There was, of course, the possibility that he might buy his discharge. They would send him the money from home if he were to make them realize the urgency of his need. His mother's heart would be susceptible to romance. But even to purchase freedom required that he should first show good cause. And the chances were slight that his cause would be considered good by a captain who was opposed to matrimonial entanglements on the part of his soldiers. It was a chance to be taken, however. And Stone took it. The result was as he had foreseen. He was lectured with cynical good humor upon the absurdity of the whole affair and bidden to go back to troop duty and forget women and all the troubles arising from them.

The former part of the injunction he obeyed—having no other course. He went back to troop duty. And for two years and a half he performed it to the satisfaction of his superiors, so that he rose in rank and in the estimation of those whom Providence had set over him. His troop remained for four and twenty months at the same post. It was an arrangement wholly unsatisfactory to all save himself. The rest of the men hated the post and its deadly isolation and loneliness, and wanted to get away. But to Stone—for whom isolation and loneliness were little things by comparison—remaining in the post afforded opportunities. He made friends of the Apaches, learning their speech—and with it many things which those who disdain it can never acquire. To him practise marches, yearly and monthly, were not arduous and empty tasks. They gave him occasions to study the face of the country. By these and by books and by speech with wandering civilians he learned its topography to the minutest detail. He had never been within fifty miles of Scruggs's ranch at Two Rivers, but he might have spent his boyhood there, so well was he acquainted with its situation and appearance, with the directions and the distances to other ranches and settlements. He knew what Scruggs looked like. By and by he knew that Scruggs's wife at Two Rivers had a child. His heart failed him then somewhat. But he fought off the doubts and fears which the knowledge forced upon him, the realization that there was a new complication now which it might be beyond his power to surmount. And there were other things about Scruggs which he gathered from various sources. But they were rumors yet, not certainties. Later it would be his affair to make sure of them.

When two years and six months of his enlistment had passed by, the Captain took a favorable occasion to express the hope that he would enlist again. "No, sir," said Stone respectfully. "I'll take my discharge." The Captain went so far as to argue. Good soldiers and intelligent were not so common as to be lost without an effort to retain them in the service. He even suggested the possibility of achieving a commission. The idea appeared to hold no inducements, however.

"We will be ordered to the Philippines next autumn," he held out as the crowning temptation. There had been a time when going to the Philippines was what Stone wanted above all else. In the hope of it he had become a soldier. Now it had no attraction for him. He was a man of one dominating idea, to which all lesser ones contributed.

The day after his talk with the Captain came the news that the troop was ordered away to another territory. Stone went with it, to put in the last six months of service. They seemed longer than all that had gone before. But at last he got his discharge. He was again a free man. He was three hundred and fifty miles from Two Rivers, but he owned two of the best Indian ponies that money and the good-will of the Red Man had been able to obtain. He had also most of his back pay. With these he started forth. He did not go directly to Two Rivers. He had business first in one or two settlements at some distance from there. It was of a nature which required that he should disguise himself with a beard, and with the talk and outfit of a prospector.

The beard and the outfit he still retained when at length he made his way across the mountains to the ranch near Two Rivers.

As he rode up to the front of Scruggs's unpainted board shack he wondered if Deborah would know him. She was standing just outside the door, looking off through the enclosing forest. As she heard the hoofs

of the ponies on the hard ground she turned her head. He saw that her face was thin and colorless, her eyes without light.

And then she recognized him.

The thin face grew suddenly drawn and pinched, the colorless skin became gray, and her eyes stared back at him. He was afraid that she might fall or scream, so he lifted his hand with a gesture of warning. But on the instant she had controlled herself. And as he reached the cabin she turned and spoke to some one inside. "Jacob," she said. "There is somebody here to see you."

Then she moved up to the horseman and stood with a trembling hand on the nose of the pony.

"My husband is away," she said almost inaudibly. "But his brother is here." Stone nodded shortly. "I know it." And then he added: "Will you take the first chance to let me see you alone?"

She had no time to answer. A man had appeared in the doorway of the shack, a young fellow; one glance into whose ingenuous and good-natured countenance reassured Stone. Yet the very fact that the request he was about to make would be readily granted made him hesitate for an instant over the betrayal of faith. Then he put the scruple aside. "Good evening," he said. "I reckon I've wandered on to your ranch."



She stood with a trembling hand on the pony's nose

"I guess you have," agreed the boy—"several miles into it."

"Can I camp somewhere around here to-night? I've got a lame pack pony."

"Sure," came the ready assent. "Over there by the creek's a first-rate place. I'll show you." He led the way. The woman stood where she was, following them with her eyes. Stone turned in his saddle and looked back at her.

"Prospecting?" the young fellow asked.

"Yes," said Stone, with a poor opinion of himself.

"I guess you won't find much. It's all been pretty well gone over."

"You never can tell. Some of the big strikes have been made in ground that was gone over a dozen times." Stone assumed the persistent optimism of the pocket hunter.

They had come to the camping spot. It was not a hundred yards from the shack. "This is the place," said the boy. "A man was here last week. If there's anything you want you can ask my sister-in-law for it."

Stone unsaddled and unpacked his ponies, watering them, rubbing them down, and picketing them out to graze. They had come only a few miles, but he wanted them to be in the best condition. He also took out of the pack pony's hoof a stone he had inserted there just before he had ridden up to the house.

If the young Mormon had been watching he might have thought the prospector unusually expert in the care of his animals. But he had gone off among the pines.

For a few minutes Stone debated whether or no he would walk up to the shack. He decided against it. It would be better to let Deborah choose her own time. He went about building his camp-fire. And presently he saw her coming to him through the trees and the crimson pentstemon. When she stopped near him he stood erect, brushing the chips and dust from his hands. For a time they looked at each other in silence. Then Stone spoke. "Chow Big gave you my message two years ago?"

She bowed her head. "The Indian? Yes. He said you had not forgotten me."

"Well—I haven't. And I am here."

"You ought not to be." The voice was so low he could hardly hear it.

He faced her squarely. "Yes, I should be. There is no reason why I shouldn't—no more reason than there was the last time I saw you."

She stared at him blankly. "But I am married," she told him.

"No, you're not married. Do you mean to tell me you don't know why it is Scruggs goes down to the settlements every little while? Do you think it's only to buy stock and supplies?"

Her eyes fell. "I don't know," he heard. The words seemed to stop in her throat. And he could guess something of the misery that doubt had held for her.

"Well, I know then," he stated. "I know that he's got not only one other family down there, but two. Everybody knows it. It's understood. I've been nearly three years finding it out. But I had help from a good many sources—Indians and sheep-herders and cowboys and every sort that comes and goes around this kind of country. And to make sure, I've seen the proofs with my own eyes. There's a woman in Davidville that's married to him. She's fifty years old, and got grown children. There's another in Manasseh that's

—satisfied with the arrangement. And you ain't satisfied with it. I can see that plain enough."

The dusk was falling as they talked. They stood alone under the thick pines, the light of the camp-fire upon their tense faces. The sky had faded to a clear, deep pink against which the branches stood out in black tracery to every needle and twig. The last scream of the blue jays stopped, and bats had begun to quiver their wings, sweeping up against the glow, then down to the earth. On a high crest among the rocks a single lightning-burnt trunk stood desolately. The trees threw their long, straight shadows up the hillsides; the white granite of a distant peak was flushed violet and rose. Stretches of fern rippled in the rising night breeze, seeming to move up the slope and then recede.

"Is that true?" the woman asked him steadily. "It is true," he answered, "I give you my word."

"And there are children?"

"Four by his wife and three in Manasseh." Then he asked: "Where is yours, Deborah?"

The tears came into her wide and hollow

eyes. "It died," she said. The difficulty which might not have been surmountable was removed.

He heard the brother whistling off in the forest as he came striding home.

"I have two ponies here," he said, "the best that were to be got. The prospector's outfit is only a bluff. I'm going to leave it behind. It's fifty-five miles to the railroad, due south. There's only one settlement and we can keep to the east of that. The trail is pretty good and only about ten miles is open desert. It'll be at the end of the stretch. But the horses are in good shape and if we take care of them and rest them now a d then I guess they can make it by to-morrow noon. There's an east-bound train then." He was watching her closely, and he could see that she trembled. Even in the glow of the firelight her face was very white. "We ought to leave a little before the moon comes up," he said. "It rises at ten to-night. I'll be waiting."

The whistle was near at hand, shrill and cheerful. In a moment more the boy had emerged from a clump of young timber. "You'd better come and have supper with us inside," he proposed.

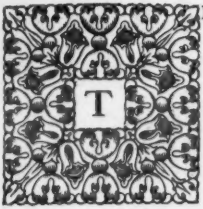
"I guess I'll cook my own out here to-night," said Stone.

"All right," Jacob agreed to it. And he went off with Deborah, telling her that he had found the missing cow and calf.

Stone sliced his bacon and cut up his potatoes and made his coffee. When everything was ready he sat down to eat. Afterward he put the griddle and coffee-pot away behind a tree. He would have no further use for them. To-night he must travel light—if she were with him. He sat down and watched. His fire burned low and became ashes. There was a lamp in the house. After a time it was put out. The forest was dark and silent. He rose and went to his horses. One of them he saddled and bridled. The other had a blanket and surcingle and a halter of rope.

In the east the sky whitened until the branches of the pines showed against it. Then as he stood and waited he saw the figure of a woman, a shadow in the night. She was moving toward him. The tall brake parted and swayed and closed silently behind her as she came.

Boyertown's Tragedy



HE disaster at Boyertown, Pennsylvania, in which nearly 200 people were burned to death as a result of a panic in the Rhoades Opera House, brings out tragically two things: The necessity of the most rigid provision for the safety of audiences—provisions notoriously and frequently neglected; second, the tragic ease with which sane men and women, when swayed by a sudden wave of mob spirit and the fear of death, lose their sanity and rush head-first into the very fate they are trying to avoid.

The opera house at Boyertown was not notoriously a fire-trap, as auditoriums go in city or country. The building was of brick, the auditorium on the second floor. There were eight windows on each side and five in the rear, the latter opening on a portico-roof, which was scarcely touched by the fire. There was one main exit, reached by a stairway, and a fire-escape on either side of the auditorium.



Removing bodies from the wrecked auditorium

According to some accounts, the panic started even before the fire. The curtain was down and a moving-picture machine was about to throw its pictures on the screen. The carbons in the machine touched and hissed. There was a cry of fire and the audience dashed for the single stairway; in the confusion fire was somehow started from an oil tank which fed the footlight wicks. According to another account, the fire was started by one of the actors, who pushed aside the curtain to see what was the matter, overturned one of the lamps which served as footlights, and set the curtain on fire.

The one flagrant and preventable cause of the fire was, apparently, the use for footlights of oil lamps which could be tipped over or whose flame was not properly screened. There are doubtless hundreds of lofts used for similar entertainments in country towns and villages, similarly dangerous. In New York City, although the law as to exits is at least nominally observed, that prohibiting standees is scarcely observed at all. For a short time after the Iroquois fire there was an attempt to enforce it, but that soon weakened.

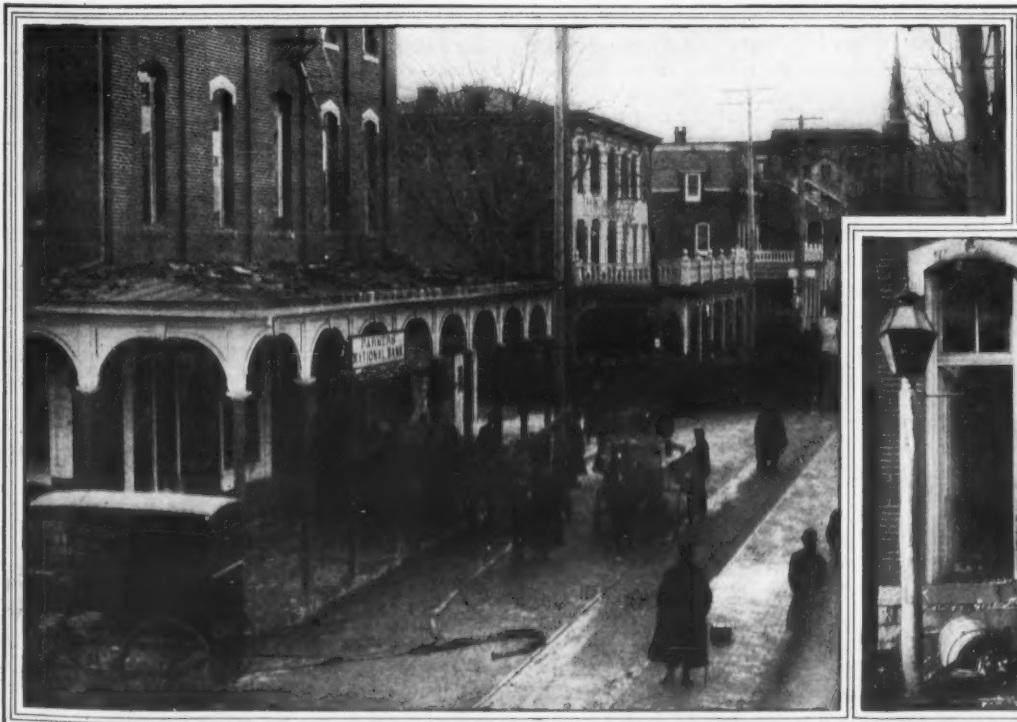
The Boyertown disaster was one of the most serious of its sort of the century. Its loss of life was exceeded by only five of the score of such fires which have occurred since the burning of the Richmond Theatre, in Richmond, Virginia, in 1811. These other disasters were:

- 1876, December 5—Conway's Brooklyn Theatre, burned during the performance of Kate Claxton in "The Two Orphans"; 295 lives lost.
- 1881, December 8—The Ring Theatre, Vienna, burned; 800 lives lost.
- 1887, May 25—The Opéra Comique, Paris. Fire started from fallen lamp; 200 killed.
- 1897, February—Quanton Theatre, China; 230 killed.
- 1903, December 30—Iroquois Theatre, Chicago, burned during Eddie Foy's performance of "Mr. Bluebeard"; 583 persons burned, suffocated, or trampled to death.

The Iroquois Theatre fire in Chicago is now more than four years old. When it occurred it was popularly believed that some persons were criminally responsible. Of those indicted for it, however, all have been discharged.



A nearby carpet store was turned into a temporary morgue, and here were laid many of the bodies of the victims of the Opera House fire at Boyertown, Pennsylvania, on January 13, in which nearly 200 persons were killed



Scene in the street during the removal of the bodies of the fire victims



The wrecked stage of the Opera House, which fell through to the ground floor

What the World is Doing

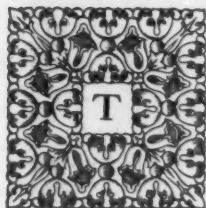
A Record of Current Events

Edited by

SAMUEL E. MOFFETT



Rival Currency Bills



THE program of rushing the Aldrich Currency bill through without discussion on a take-this-or-nothing basis is rapidly fading away. The more the scheme is examined the more generally it is realized that its adoption would be decidedly worse than nothing. This conviction has been put into authoritative form by the Resolutions Committee of the Currency Commission of the American Bankers' Association. After the meeting of the commission in Chicago on January 18 the committee issued a report in which it described the Aldrich bill as "a step backward to the conditions which gave rise to the wildcat currency before the Civil War," intimated that it might be "the entering wedge for the acceptance of undesirable bonds as security for note issues," declared that it would cripple the lending power of banks by taking from their reserves \$100,000 in lawful money in order that notes for \$75,000 might be issued, suggested that it would tend to create a fictitious bond market and so lead municipalities to increase their obligations, predicted such delays in meeting the technical requirements of the bill that notes would become available only after the emergency had passed, condemned the taxing requirements of the measure as threatening the banks with a net loss of two per cent on the notes taken out, and said that the needy borrower would be burdened with increased interest charges at a time when he could ill afford them.

The commission objected, too, to some features of the Fowler bill, which, with all its good features, "introduces schemes so far-reaching in their scope and touching so many collateral interests not germane to the real solution of our currency difficulties that we believe its passage would unsettle, rather than improve, financial conditions."

The bill proposed by the bankers themselves provides that any national bank which has been in business for one year and has a surplus equal to twenty per cent of its capital, may take out "national bank guaranteed credit notes" to the amount of forty per cent of its bond-secured notes outstanding, but not in any case beyond twenty-five per cent of its capital. But this proportion may be increased to correspond with a future shrinkage in the volume of United States bonds. The credit notes are to be taxed at the rate of two and one-half per cent a year, assessed semiannually on the average amount in circulation in the preceding six months. An additional amount of such notes, subject to a double tax, may be taken out up to twelve and one-half per cent of the bank's capital, but all the notes of all kinds issued by any national bank are to be kept within the limit of its paid-up capital.

One of the most serious faults of our present banking system is to be retained by the permission granted to banks to redeposit part of their reserves with banks in reserve cities and central reserve cities. This permission, which worked so much havoc in the late panic when applied to reserves against deposits, is to be applied to reserves against credit notes. Every national bank in a reserve or central reserve city is to keep cash to the amount of at least twenty-five per cent of its credit notes in circulation, but the banks in reserve cities may deposit half of this cash in banks in central reserve cities. Outside banks must have fifteen per cent of their credit notes in cash, but they may deposit three-fifths of the amount in banks in reserve or central reserve cities. Of course, in case of a general panic a call by the outside banks for their deposits would make the crisis more acute.

The taxes paid on the note issues are to consti-

tute a guaranty fund to redeem the notes of failed banks and pay the cost of printing and current redemption. Any bank taking out credit notes is to deposit five per cent of their amount in cash with the United States Treasurer to be placed in the guaranty fund, and to be refunded to the bank when the taxes on its notes reach five per cent of the issue. The Comptroller of the Currency is to designate certain cities for the current daily redemption of notes, and make regulations to insure such redemption. The notes are to be received by the Government for all dues except duties on imports and from the Government for all demands except interest on the national debt and the redemption of the national currency. They are to be accepted by all national banks at par and without charge of any kind. Their holders are to have a prior lien on the assets of the bank issuing them and on the statutory liability of shareholders. On the failure of any national bank its credit notes are at once to be redeemed out of the guaranty fund, which is to recover the amount from the assets.

While this measure has some serious defects, it at least furnishes a working basis for an agreement. It is not, like the Aldrich bill, inherently vicious. The Aldrich bill in effect provides that notes payable at sight may be issued on mortgage security. A bond is substantially a mortgage, and one of very long term. A mortgage is a very good security for certain purposes, but it is not a quick asset. Bonds have a fictitious resemblance to liquid securities from the fact that they can be sold in the market at short notice, at some price. But the very fact of pressing them for sale in a demoralized market would add to the demoralization. The only really liquid security—the only proper basis for circulating notes—is short term commercial paper supplementing a large cash reserve. Such paper does not need to be thrown on a panicky market to meet sudden demands—it is maturing and paid off in the ordinary course every day. The entire stock of collateral held by the great European banks is turned over every thirty to fifty days.

The Aldrich bill permits the acceptance as security for emergency notes of bonds of any State; or of any city or county which has been in existence for a period of fifteen years, which had more than twenty thousand inhabitants at the last census; which has not defaulted on its debt within ten years, and whose net indebtedness does not exceed ten per cent of the assessed value of its taxable property; or the first mortgage bonds of any railroad which has paid dividends of not less than four per cent on its entire capital stock regularly and continuously for at least five years. There is nothing in these restrictions that would prevent the acceptance of the bonds of a repudiating State. There are cities which have met all these requirements and then have defaulted on their bonds. There are railroads which have met them and then have gone into the hands of receivers. The bill offers every encouragement to breed a beautiful lot of State, municipal, and railroad cats and dogs.

It is a favorite Populist idea that currency is amply secured when it is "based" on the wealth of the nation. The French revolutionists "based" their assignats on landed property, which, as they justly asserted, was the most stable of all securities. But it has always been found in practise that "basing" notes on things, however valuable, is not enough. The things on which notes are based must have the faculty of readily transforming themselves into cash—otherwise the notes will not have that quality of certain redeemability on demand which distinguishes a sound from a wildcat currency. And this transformation of securities into cash must be effected without disturbing the markets by immense realizing sales. That bars all long-term obligations like railroad and municipal bonds.

Russian Progress

THE Russian revolutionists have agitated extensively in America, and even the reactionaries have had their say, but until now the men who are working for peaceful progress under the present Government have been unrepresented here. This fact gave especial interest to the visit of Professor Paul Milyoukov, the leader of the Constitutional Democrats in the Third Duma, who crossed the Atlantic for the express purpose of delivering an address before the Civic Forum in New York. After this speech Professor Milyoukov went to Washington, where Representative Herbert Parsons gave a dinner in his honor attended by Speaker Cannon, Secretaries Taft, Garfield, and Straus, Mr. Bacon, Assistant Secretary of State, Mr. Loeb, Secretary to the President, Mr. Payne, the floor leader of the majority in the House, over a hundred other members of both Houses of Congress, and many Government officials. President Roosevelt was prevented from receiving him by the objections of Baron Rosen, the Russian Ambassador, whose action has been severely criticized in Russia.

Professor Milyoukov spent only three days in America, and his entire journey of about ten thousand miles was made during the three weeks' recess of the Duma.

The Constitutional Democratic leader took a rather sombre view of the prospects for the immediate future in Russia. The manifesto of October 30, 1905, which enthusiasts regarded as the starting-point of a long advance, was to him the high-water mark of the movement for freedom, from which the course of the tide ever since has been downward. The progress of events, as he saw it, followed four phases, first national, second revolutionary, third constitutional, and fourth counter-revolutionary. The manifesto of October 30 was the result of a national uprising, in which all the progressive forces cooperated, and in which the lead was taken by the intellectuals. The movement began with the Petition of Right, formulated November 22, 1904, by members of the gentry, was reenforced by the workers who followed Father Gapon to the Winter Palace on Red Sunday, January 22, 1905, and was carried to success by a general strike planned by the intellectual leaders and so universally backed that "even the capitalists, without exception, supported their laborers while on strike by paying their wages for the entire time." This extraordinary strike, the only successful one of the whole uprising, was so complete that "shops and offices voluntarily closed in compliance with the general state of public opinion," "professors forcefully told the Government that it must not oppose the meetings held within the walls of the higher institutions of learning," "the juries declared themselves unable to pronounce sentences during the days of the strike," "judges and tribunals went on strike with the rest," and "even the officials in several state offices stopped their work."

Intoxicated by this success, the revolutionists ordered a succession of new strikes that were not supported by national sentiment and that consequently failed. The failure strengthened the Government in its opposition to all reform. The Constitutional Democrats tried to carry on the movement for liberty by an orderly parliamentary advance, but the reactionaries, gaining new confidence, forced the dissolution of the first and second Dumas, and aggressive counter-revolutionary activity is now in the ascendant.

The address of Professor Milyoukov helps us to realize the value of even such a caricature of a representative institution as the Third Duma, and the unwisdom of Liberals in boycotting it because it is not more broadly based and more powerful. Weak and unrepresentative as the present Duma is, it is still the only forum in which the thought of Russia



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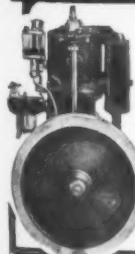
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The ANGELUS in the form of a small portable cabinet can be used to play any make or style of piano. Price, \$250. The ANGELUS is also incorporated in high-grade upright pianos, making the KNABE-ANGELUS piano, the EMERSON-ANGELUS piano and the ANGELUS PIANO, ranging in price from \$550 upwards.

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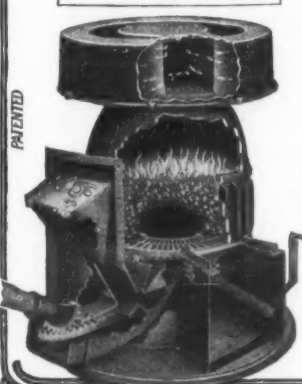
The FURNACE That Fattens Savings

"WITH living expenses going up and salaries remaining stationary, there's only one thing that can be done. The corners have got to be cut pretty closely on every item of household expenditure." This is the philosophy found in Alfred Henry Lewis's magazine—**HUMAN LIFE**—which goes on to show how domestic furnace economy is best conserved. The

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"What needs more watching than coal bills?"—is a HUMAN LIFE question, and this is HUMAN LIFE'S answer: "An inferior furnace can eat up more money and make less showing than anything in the house. The right sort of a furnace—the Underfeed—fed from below with cheap slack gives you greater warmth and comfort in clean, even heat than is yielded by topfed furnaces burning expensive coal.

Illustration shows furnace without casing, cut out to show how coal is forced up under fire— which burns on top.



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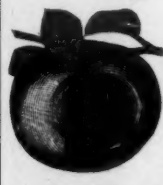
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Special low prices on Apple, Peach, Plum and Dwarf Pear Trees, Roses, also Asparagus Roots, Currant Bushes and other small fruits.

Order trees direct from our nursery and save agent's profits and half your money.

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Our new rose book, tells how to grow flowers and describes all the best varieties. Illustrated from photographs. Copy sent free on application. We began as amateurs and our experience will help you.

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If ordered together we send both for \$10 and pay freight. Hot water, copper tanks, double glass doors. Our free catalog describes them.

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The inner parts of the flower are beautifully brilliant. Place in any fancy receptacle, without water, in warm room on table or mantel, and watch it grow. Without leaves or roots, the flower shoots up—thriving entirely on the nourishment contained in the bulb. Later, an umbrella-shaped spotted leaf will be formed, reaching 3 feet, and most ornamental. Write today. New book of Northern Garden Seeds, Bulbs, Plants and Fruits on request.

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and Almanac for 1908 contains 220 pages, with many fine colored plates of fowls true to life. It tells all about chickens, their care, diseases and remedies. All about incubators and how to operate them. All about poultry houses and how to build them. It's really an encyclopedia of chickendom. You need it. Price only 15 cts.

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100 pens of the finest poultry in America for sale. 14 different varieties. Write for FREE catalogue, which also describes the best incubators and Brooders. Booklet on Proper Care and Feeding of Chickens, Ducks and Turkeys, ten cents.

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45 Varieties of practical and fancy pure bred poultry. Beautiful, hardy, vigorous. Largest, most successful poultry-farm. Thousands to choose from. Big Profitable Poultry book tells all about it. Quotes low prices on fowls, eggs, incubators and supplies. Sent for 4 cents. **Berry's Poultry Farm, Box 199, Clarinda, Ia.**

60 DAYS' TRIAL

gives you an opportunity of taking off two hatches and thoroughly trying machine. Send it back if not satisfactory. Send for free illustrated catalog.

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RAISE CHICKENS FOR PROFIT

Johnson, the Incubator man, has started thousands of beginners. His Famous Old Trusty Incubator is sure and simplest. Run it and pay for itself. Sold direct on 40 days' trial. Freight prepaid. Send for his free poultry book. It will make you money.

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can find free expression. If there were only half a dozen progressive spirits in it, instead of almost a majority, and if they had no power to do anything but speak, they could make of that privilege alone a wedge that would eventually split the tough crust of ancient wrong.

The Fleet in South America

The voyage has served a useful purpose already

THE splendid welcome accorded to the American fleet in South America must deepen the regret that what is understood to have been the original program for the voyage could not have been carried out. The plan was said to have been to make the cruise a purely South American demonstration, supplementing the journey of Secretary Root. The fleet would finally have brought up in the Pacific without disturbing anybody's nerves. Secretary Metcalf upset this promising arrangement by his incautious announcement in California that the ships were destined for San Francisco.

Even as it is, the South American part of the itinerary has already proved a brilliant success. The magnificent hospitality of Rio de Janeiro has wiped out the memory of the little misunderstandings at The Hague, and by an explicit indorsement of the Monroe Doctrine President Penna emphasized the unity of sentiment of the two continents. Although the fleet is not to touch at Buenos Ayres or Valparaiso, the Argentine and Chilean governments are to pay it the extraordinary honor of sending squadrons to greet it, the Argentines at sea and the Chileans at Punta Arenas. Argentina invited our torpedo flotilla to touch at Buenos Ayres, and the invitation was accepted.

Although we committed the solecism of sending a Rear-Admiral in command of a fleet that any other country would have put under a Vice-Admiral at the very least, if not of a full Admiral, our foreign friends had more sense of the fitness of things than we had, and the Brazilians and Germans at Rio de Janeiro spontaneously promoted Rear-Admiral Evans by giving him a Vice-Admiral's salute. This curious incident ought to have some effect on Congress, as well as the shabby contrast presented by our allowance of \$3,000 for entertainment purposes on the voyage with Brazil's \$100,000 garden party to our officers.

Forest Patriarchs Saved

A park of redwoods fifteen hundred years old

MR. WILLIAM KENT of Chicago has just shown that brains may be made to count for more than money in philanthropy. By a gift whose present market value may be two or three hundred thousand dollars he has bestowed upon the public a benefit whose future worth will overshadow many famous foundations endowed with millions. He has deeded to the United States a tract of two hundred and ninety-five acres of redwood forest on the seaward slopes of Mount Tamalpais, six miles from San Francisco, and the land is to be proclaimed a National Monument, under the name of Muir Woods. The cañon is declared by the Forest Service to be "in absolutely primeval condition, not so much as scratched by the hand of man"; yet it is within an hour's ride of San Francisco, "at the very doors of hundreds of thousands of people," and two-thirds of the entire population of California live within about fifty miles of it. It will give to San Francisco a suburban park that no other city in the world can match. There are only two thousand square miles of redwood forest on the entire globe, and they are all in California. Some of the trees in the grove which the enlightened liberality of Mr. Kent has saved from the fate that has befallen all its neighbors are eighteen feet in diameter, nearly three hundred feet high, and from a thousand to fifteen hundred years old. There is no reason why they should not still be standing, greater and more majestic than ever, a thousand years hence, when the spreading metropolis of the Pacific shall have made Muir Woods a Central Park in the city's heart. The redwood—first cousin to the patriarchal Big Trees of the Sierras—seems never to die a natural death, and if ax and fire can be kept away, the giants of Tamalpais will be Mr. Kent's monument through unnumbered generations.

England and Asia

The "Weary Titan's" troubles with white and yellow

THE British press takes an extremely gloomy view of the race troubles in South Africa. It seems to be a case of No Thoroughfare for England. If the British Government tried to overrule the legislation agreed upon by both Dutch and English in the Transvaal, it would run the risk not only of losing South Africa but of alienating all the self-governing colonies. On the other hand, to allow the white settlers of South Africa to carry through their proscription of their Hindu fellow subjects would fill India, which contains three-quarters of the population of the Empire, with bitter and dangerous resentment. The dilemma has been put in a most embarrassing form by a hundred and sixteen natives of India who served with the British armies in the Boer war and who now find themselves treated as outcasts in the land they helped to conquer. They have protested to the Colonial Secretary against the registration rules as an infringement on their religion, adding that if the Imperial Government is unable to protect them they will pray to be shot on one of the battlefields on which they served.

In another part of the Empire the Japanese troubles are still acute. The first anti-Asiatic riot in Vancouver was enough to put the Japanese colony of that town on a war-footing. This fact was made startlingly apparent on New Year's night, when three exhilarated firemen were fiercely slashed with long knives because one of them had been accidentally pushed through the window of a Japanese shop. That incident alarmed the white population and led to an agitation for disarming the militant Asiatics. On January 14 the City Council passed a resolution asking the City Solicitor for an opinion on the power of the authorities to carry out the disarmament plan. One of the Aldermen said that an intolerable condition prevailed, that citizens were stopped and searched on their own premises by Japanese, and that the armed guards of the Asiatic colony were changed with a regularity that indicated a systematic organization. Of course, an attempt to carry out the

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WE HAVE AGENTS MAKING \$100.00 weekly selling, and appointing agents to sell, Hydro Carbon Lighting Systems. Our demonstrating system makes failure impossible. Wanted—A good man in every village and city in the world. Security Light & Tank Co., 156 S. Jefferson St., Chicago, Ill.

ANYONE CAN EARN \$15.00 TO \$30.00 PER WEEK handling one or more of our 30 useful articles. No traveling. Devote spare time. Write Fair Manufacturing Company, 332 Fifth Street, Racine, Wis.

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AMBITIOUS MEN WHO WANT TO BETTER THEIR LOT and make big money will do well to let us hear from them at once. We are establishing general agencies and have an unusual proposition. No experience needed. Address Junior Typewriter Co., 92 Worth St., New York.

AGENTS WANTED. 50 dollars per week. You can make it with our line of Embroidery, Waists and Dress Patterns, Silk Shawls, Kimonos and Fancy Goods. No investment necessary. Write for free illustrated price list and samples. The Schwartz Importing Co., St. Louis, Mo.

SEVENTY-FIVE DOLLARS A MONTH and expenses. No experience needed. Position permanent. Self-seller. Address The Peace Manufacturing Company, 511 Main St., Cincinnati, Ohio.

AGENTS WANTED to sell the famous Don Shoes for men and women. Exclusive territory. Agents making big money. Don Shoes sell at sight. Their distinct features make them easy to sell. Write for particulars. Don Shoe Company, 170 Summer Street, Boston, Mass.

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AGENTS MAKE 500% PROFIT selling "Novelty Signs." Window Letters and Changeable Signs. Merchants buy 10 to 100 on sight. 800 varieties. Catalogue free. Sullivan Co., Dept. G, 405 W. Van Buren St., Chicago, Ill.

WANTED. A live person, man or woman, to take own state as exclusive sales agent. Must carry small stock on personal account. Conditions liberal. Entire time not required. Give references, experience, and extent of acquaintance with drug trade. Cutline Co., Desk A, Bath, Me.

AGENTS. Men and women make \$15 and upwards weekly selling Vel-vet-a Massage Cream and Skin Food. Nothing like it on the market; free samples; write today for territory. Vel-vet-a Mfg. Co., 153 Milk St., Boston, Mass.

IMPORTING AND JOBBING House wants agents for its Cut Dress Goods, Waists and Handkerchiefs. Dept. Unusual Opportunity. Write for samples and particulars. E. J. McCallum & Co., 95 Fifth Avenue, New York.

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"FLEISHER'S KNITTING AND CROCHETING MANUAL" is invaluable to expert and beginner—contains illustrations of new and simple garments with directions for making. Teaches knitting and crocheting by quickest method, made easy by illustrated stitches. Mailed for 20 cents. S. B. & B. W. Fleisher, Dept. 61, Philadelphia.

GLOVES—SILK AND KID—direct to you from the manufacturer at a great saving. Send for our new catalog. Elbow length Kid gloves at \$2.50—Elbow length Silk \$1.00—\$1.25—\$1.50. Long Glove Company, Dept. D, 94 Warren Street, New York.

BRIGHT, ENERGETIC WOMEN can make money with little work by introducing Allredie Plum Pudding. Address at once for full particulars—All Ready Pure Food Co., 156 State Street, Boston, Mass.

100 NICE VISITING CARDS 50c, with a card case of leather and aluminum free. Writing paper with monogram of two initials, 50c. Invitation cards, etc. The Novelty Mfg. Co., Box 32, Carlstadt, N. J.

DOGS, POULTRY, BIRDS, and PETS

HUNGARIAN AND ENGLISH PARTRIDGES and Pheasants, Hungarian Hares; Deer, Quail, etc. Fancy Pheasants, ornamental waterfowl and live wild animals. Write for price list. Wenz & MacKensen, Dept. L, Yardley, Penna.

PAGE FENCE IS WOVEN FROM HEAVY HIGH-carbon spring-steel wire; easiest and cheapest to put up. Lasts a lifetime. Catalog from Page Woven Wire Fence Co., Box 320, Adrian, Mich.

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FREE SAMPLES OF PETMECKY multi-tone 10 record talking machine needles to Victor, Columbia, Zonophone machine owners, dealers, salesmen. Big profits. 1,000 needles \$1 postpaid. Petmecky, 346J Broadway, New York.

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TYPEWRITERS, GOOD AS NEW AT SAVING OF 50%; biggest bargains ever offered. 500 Smith-Premiers at prices never before quoted. Machines shipped on approval for trial. We rent all makes at \$3.00 per month, allowing rental on purchase price. Remingtons, \$20 to \$60; Smith-Premiers, \$25 to \$55; Oliverts, \$35 to \$50; others \$15 to \$35. Send for catalogue and special bargain sheet. Write at once. Rockwell-Barnes Co., 1314 Baldwin Building, Chicago, Ill.

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"RED STREAKS OF HONESTY EXIST IN EVERYBODY," and thereby we collect more honest debts than any agency in the world. Write for our Red Streak Book. Francis G. Luke, 77 Com. Nat. Bank Bldg., Salt Lake City, Utah. "Some People Don't Like Us."

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LASCO (Improved) FOLDING GLASS FRONT. Simplest. Best. Complete with all fixtures to fit any standard make car. Price \$35.00, freight prepaid east of Denver. London Auto Supply Co., 1225 Michigan Av., Chicago.

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LEARN Scientific Business Letter-Writing by mail from man who built up half-a-million-dollar business. Big demand for good correspondents. Prospectus free. School of Business Letter Writing, Dept. 19, Chicago, Ill.

WANTED. Agent to sell made-to-order Underwear. If you sell shirts or clothes, our proposition will make you money. Sample outfit Free. Write Textile Mfg. Co., 261 E. Division St., Chicago.

WANTED. Lady or Gentleman either as Salesman or Traveler. Paid weekly and expenses advanced. Home may be used as headquarters. Address The Alexander Supply Company, 356 Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.

EXCEPTIONAL OPPORTUNITY for energetic solicitors with grit and selling power. Article absolutely new and guaranteed Tremendous seller. Everybody buys it shown. 50c to \$2.00 profit each sale. Virgin field awaits hustlers everywhere. Write today. Sanitar Co., 2335 Wabash Av., Chicago.

MEN AND WOMEN WANTED. Permanent and profitable business to reliable parties. No money required; Liberal Cash Commissions paid. Territory protected. Established 22 years. Highest bank references. Write at once for particulars and territory. Address The St. Eastern Coffee & Tea Co., 302 So. 10th St., St. Louis, Mo.

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policy of disarming the Japanese might have consequences even more embarrassing for the governments of the Dominion, of Great Britain, and of Japan than anything that had gone before.

Republican Tariff Reform

Governor Guild assails the Dingley schedules

IF anybody thought that Governor Curtis Guild's plurality of a hundred thousand over Mr. Henry M. Whitney in Massachusetts was a victory for high protection over tariff reform he must have been undeceived by Mr. Guild's speech before the National Association of Boot and Shoe Manufacturers on January 14. Like almost everybody else in Massachusetts, the Governor wanted free hides, but unlike a good many others he announced that he was willing to surrender a corresponding amount of duty on the manufactured goods. Professing himself still a protectionist, he insisted that the time had come "when illogical and needless duties should cease to hamper our industries and our people." Governor Guild thought the taxes on wool unnecessarily high, and believed that the present specific duties should be changed to ad valorem rates. He could see "absolutely no justification for the retention of a duty on coal." He suggested maximum and minimum schedules to promote reciprocity. He asked why there should be a duty on beef, when there were five hundred million pounds of exports and no imports. He found a similar situation in the matter of rails and other items of the steel schedule. "Finally," he insisted, "the needs of the people demand a halt in the destruction of our forests. It is illogical that the State should be called upon to maintain a State Forestry Department when the United States, with its duty on wood pulp, offers a bounty daily for the destruction of the trees."

With a Republican Governor of a Republican State taking such a position, it is rather ludicrous to reflect that his Democratic opponent in the late campaign tried to rally tariff reform sentiment against him by the thrilling war cry of a cautious reduction in duties in the course of twenty years.

More Money for Panama

The Canal to cost at least three hundred millions

COLONEL GOETHALS is breaking gently to the American people the news that the Panama Canal will not be as cheap as they thought it would be. His present estimate of the cost of the Canal is \$250,000,000, in addition to the \$50,000,000 paid to the French Canal Company and the Republic of Panama. The original estimate by the Board of Consulting Engineers, on the basis of which Congress authorized the work, was \$139,705,200, not counting the cost of sanitation, water-works, sewers, and paving for Panama and Colon, the reequipment of the Panama Railroad, or the expenses of the Zone Government. The appropriations have already amounted to nearly eighty million dollars; there will be a deficit of about eleven millions in the current fiscal year, and the Commission has asked for over thirty-three millions more for the fiscal year 1909. That brings the expenditures up to about a hundred and twenty-four million dollars, or eight-ninths of the total original estimate, by June 30, 1909, with the hardest part of the work still ahead.

On this showing the American people may consider themselves lucky if they get off with the \$250,000,000 at which Colonel Goethals sets his present limit. The disquieting thing is that there is no certainty that this estimate will be any more final than its predecessors. There is no assurance that the present plans will be followed to the end. The change by which the Pacific locks are to be shifted inland from La Boca to Miraflores is expected to save money, but most changes work the other way. The increase in the width of the locks from a hundred to a hundred and ten feet, now adopted, will involve an additional expense of \$5,000,000, and if many more such improvements are adopted it may be found the most economical plan will be to dispense with locks altogether and cut the Canal down to sea-level at the start. Indeed, even the present estimate of Colonel Goethals for the cost of completing the lock canal is higher than the estimate submitted to Congress for a sea-level canal at the time when the lock project was adopted. The Board of Consulting Engineers thought that the sea-level cut could be made for \$247,021,000, although it figured that it would take twenty years to do the work. Secretary Taft informed the Senate Committee on Inter-oceanic Canals on January 16 that the Canal ought to be finished on the present plans by July, 1914. The Culabra cut could be put through in three years if the dirt continued to fly as it is flying now, but it had been decided to hold back that work until the completion of the Gatun dam and locks.

Hughes in the Open

New York's Governor willing to take a nomination


GOVERNOR HUGHES of New York at last has come openly into the field as a Presidential candidate. In response to an invitation to address the Republican Club of New York, which had appointed a committee to work for his nomination, he responded, accepting the invitation and adding:

"I can not fail to recognize the great honor which the nomination would confer or the obligation of service which it would impose. Nor should I care to be thought lacking in appreciation of the confidence and esteem which prompt the efforts of those who sincerely desire to bring it about. The matter is one for the party to decide, and whatever its decision I shall be content."

The action of the Governor removes the seventy-eight votes of New York in the Republican National Convention from the list of Taft possibilities. As long as the Governor's position seemed to be in doubt it was possible for the followers of the National Administration, led by Representative Parsons, Chairman of the Republican County Committee of New York County, to hold back the party organization and prevent it from committing itself to Hughes. This possibility is now ended.

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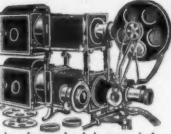
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The man of leisure carries it because it is the finest practical time-piece that money will buy.

How much more important it is to the scientist, the expert, the skilled mechanic—the man whose work requires precision and accuracy.

Lieutenant Peary in his exploration of the Arctic Region relies solely upon the HOWARD. It is adjusted to temperature, withstanding heat and cold, vibration and change of position.

Thousands of other men take pride in its admirable mechanism and satisfaction in its time-keeping exactness.

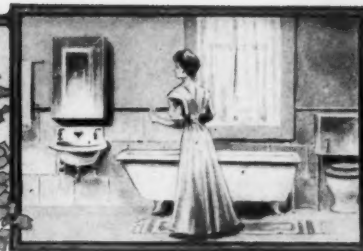
The HOWARD is unique as a watch investment. If you want to know how good try to buy one at second hand. The output is limited. It is handled only by the most reliable jewelers. The HOWARD dealer in every town is a good man to know.

The price of each HOWARD watch—from the 17-jewel, 25-year filled cases at \$15, to the 23-jewel, extra heavy cases at \$150—is fixed at the factory, and a printed ticket attached.

Find the right jeweler in your locality and ask him to show you a HOWARD—learn why it is more highly regarded than any other watch and why there is distinction in carrying it.

Elbert Hubbard visited the home of the HOWARD watch and wrote a book about it. If you'd like to read this little journey drop us a postal card—Dept. A—we'll be glad to send it to you. Also a little catalogue and price list, with illustrations actual size—of great value to the watch buyer.

E. HOWARD WATCH COMPANY
BOSTON, MASS.



Do You Live in the Country? How is Your House Supplied With Water?

The success of your home as a comfortable and sanitary abode depends largely on your water supply.

Artificial heat is required only in winter—artificial light only at night.

Water is required during all seasons—day and night.

The Kewanee System of Water Supply

will enable you to have an abundant supply of water—available at any hour of the day or night—delivered to your bathroom, kitchen, laundry, barn, garden, lawn, anywhere—under the same strong pressure as an up-to-date city waterworks system.

The Kewanee System does away with the drudgery of carrying water in pails—a task which men shirk and women should never be obliged to do.

With the Kewanee System you use the water from your own well, cistern or other natural source of supply. The tank is placed out of sight in the cellar, or under

ground. No leaky attic tank or unsightly elevated tank to freeze or collapse.

The Kewanee System is easy to install, easy to operate and costs nothing for repairs. Over 8,000 Kewanee Systems are now furnishing water to country and city homes, clubs, hotels, schools, apartment buildings, public institutions and towns under an absolute guarantee of satisfaction.

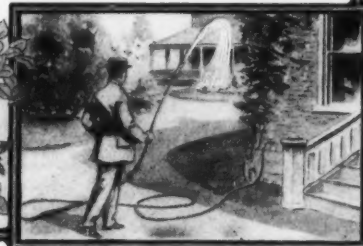
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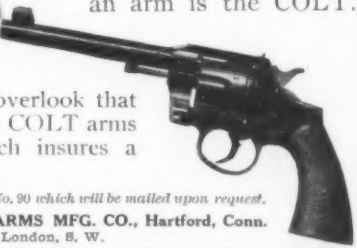
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is one that can always be relied upon even when subjected to the most severe use. Such an arm is the COLT.

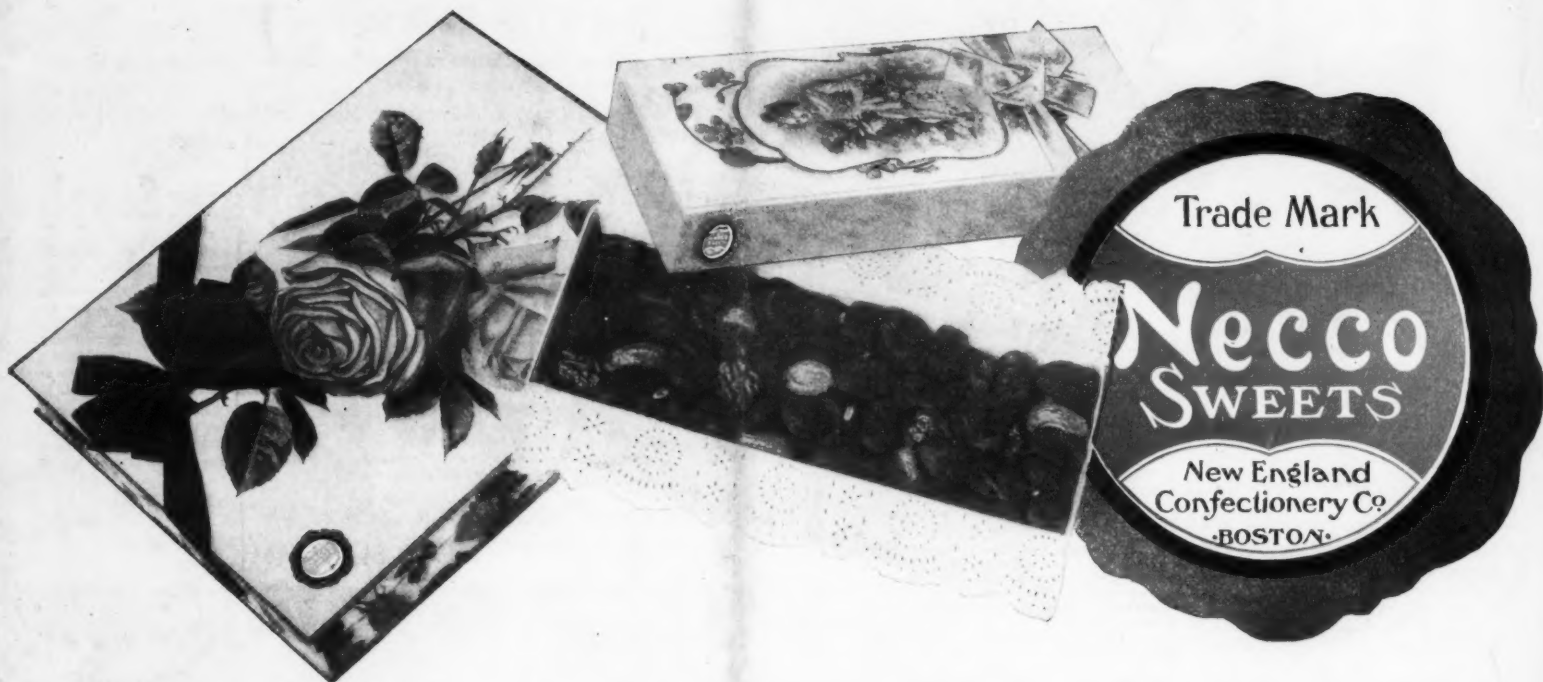
When choosing a revolver never overlook that important feature—the grip—ALL COLT arms have the full grip which insures a strong, steady hold.



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